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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 411

EDITORIAL:
- Fair Play for Germany 414
- Still a Chance for Hungary 415
- Courts of Industrial Injustice 415
- The Cause of High Prices 416
- Away with the Teeth! 417

GERMAN POLITICAL TENDENCIES BEFORE THE COUP. By Max Hirschberg 418

REVOLUTION AND HEALTH: HUNGARY'S EXPERIENCE. By M. A. Goldzieher 419

KORNILOV AND KAPP. By William Henry Chamberlin 422

CAR-DWELLERS OF BUDAPEST. By Eva Vajkai 423

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. By Muriel Harris 424

THE CONSTITUTION BY CANDLELIGHT. By Lewis S. Gannett 425

"ABSOLUTELY NO RUSSIAN POLICY." By Lincoln Colcord 427

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 428

CORRESPONDENCE 429

DOUBT NO MORE THAT OBERON. By Edna St. Vincent Millay 431

BOOKS:
- The Scapegoat of Europe. By Eugene S. Bagger 431
- The Problem of Taxation. By R. R. 432
- Remaking a Mind. By Joseph Jastrow 432
- La Fayette Again. By Isaac R. Pennypacker 433
- Hamlet Without a Character. By George F. Whicher 433
- Poetry Prattlings 434
- Polemics and Plain Plays 434

BOOKS IN BRIEF 435

NOTES AND NEWS 437

MUSIC: Opera in English. By Henrietta Straus 437

DRAMA: Medley. By Ludwig Lewisohn 438

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION 440

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

WILLIAM MacDONALD, ARTHUR WARNER — ASSOCIATE EDITORS — FREDA KIRCHWEY, ARTHUR GLEASON

CARL VAN DOREN, LITERARY EDITOR

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REVELATIONS—without end. The secrets of secret diplomacy are betrayed one after the other. Now it is Kerensky and André Tardieu who are letting not one but several cats out of the bag. Tardieu declares that the greatest exponent of open diplomacy openly arrived at, Woodrow Wilson, secretly agreed with Clemenceau in April, 1919, that if the Senate should not ratify the Franco-American military treaty France would be entitled to indefinite occupation of the Rhine. Learning nothing from the wrong of the German annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and the hatreds and suffering engendered thereby, official France desires to commit the same blunder by annexing purely German territory and, if Tardieu is right, obtained Wilson's consent to this perfidy in the event of the Senate's rejecting the defensive alliance with France. Tardieu says frankly that the French watch on the Rhine is to be maintained just as long as Germany is a potential enemy and there are no perpetual military guarantees for France—as if anything else could so surely keep Germany a potential enemy as that same control of German territory. The White House "unofficially" denies the truth of M. Tardieu's story.

THE recent sensational revelations of Alexander Kerensky were characterized at the time they were published as "a gratuitous attempt to embarrass the French and British." Quite as reasonably, the present vice investigation in New York city might be characterized as "a gratuitous attempt to embarrass the city Administration." The uncovering of devious ways and secret arrangements is almost certain to embarrass some one; and yet the world continues to be grateful for an occasional glimpse into the dark places of public affairs. Kerensky reveals a bargain made during the last days of the Czar's rule by the French and Russian Governments, with Lord Milner present at the conference to represent Great Britain. France demanded as its share at the peace absolute ownership of the Saar Valley and indefinite military occupation of the left bank of the Rhine. The Czar and Lord Milner agreed to this. Russia demanded a free hand in Prussian and Austrian Poland. Lord Milner agreed, but the French representative said he must consult his Government. The French reply reached Russia after the March Revolution and fell into the hands of Kerensky. It sanctioned Russia's claims. Perhaps the Bolsheviki will thus be able to claim international sanction for their present offensive against Poland. In any event this new diplomatic history makes clearer the imperialistic background of the peace conference.

AT a private gathering in Paris a year ago Lloyd George was told to his face that the expectation in England, among the Tories, was that he would presently land squarely in the Conservative camp. "They think so, do they?" he replied. "Well, they may find themselves greatly mistaken." But now he has clearly made the jump. After hesitating long before the Labor and radical fence, he has gone over the bars into the Conservative pasture. The battle between him and Asquith is now well on and with a personal acerbity not characteristic of English politics. Thus Asquith, with uncomplimentary frankness and wicked truthfulness, has called Lloyd George a "demagogue." Replying, Mr. Lloyd George proudly and modestly avers that that term "has been applied to some of the greatest men in history." More than that, he asserts that "it is an epithet which has always been hurled by the dull and pompous against any man who has a greater power of appealing to the masses than they have." Dull and pompous Asquith may be; but his well-trained legal mind will easily find a reply to the taunt. Meanwhile, Lloyd George denounces the British Labor program as communistic and Bolshevik, precisely as similar adjectives were applied to him in his radical days. This puts Asquith in a trying middle-of-the-road position; if he in any way defends Labor against Lloyd George's charges he will be promptly termed a Bolshevik by his conscienceless opponent and, unfortunately, Asquith has no clear-cut, constructive Liberal program to offer as an alternative. Nevertheless, it is apparent that Lloyd George has not crossed this Rubicon with his customary political adroitness.

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It should be plain even to him that he is beginning to be found out.

SCHLESWIG remains a problem. The first zone returned a clear Danish majority and its fate seemed settled. The plebiscite in the second zone resulted in a heavy German majority. The Germans now ask, also, that certain border cities of the first zone, such as Tondern, which voted for incorporation with Germany, be returned to that country. Meanwhile the Schleswigers of the southernmost or third zone, which was left to Germany without plebiscite, are asking a degree of cultural and administrative autonomy. The convention held at Rendsburg in south Schleswig in early March did not, as the New York *Times* reported at the time, proclaim an independent state of Schleswig-Holstein; it named a delegation which went to Berlin, was received by the Prussian Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, and received satisfactory assurances in reply to its demands for township government according to local tradition, the use of both languages in schools and courts, and the appointment of Schleswigers to high administrative offices. But the division of a country which has been an entity since the tenth century is no simple matter, and so long as Germany continues in chaos and Europe in flux, Schleswig is likely to intrude upon the preoccupations of statesmen.

EDUARD BERNSTEIN, one of the most respected and independent veterans of the German Social Democracy, made an astounding announcement at the German Socialist Congress held a week before the Kapp coup. Reading from an unpublished memoir by "the director of a great German industrial firm, a man standing close to the Independents" (Dr. Wilhelm Muelhon, of Krupp's?), he declared that a quarter of a million tons of German steel were exported from Germany to England in 1915, during the war! The revelation does not appear to have stirred the Congress deeply; Germans have become used to public washing of extremely dirty wartime linen. It recalls the revelations made in the French Chamber a year ago—revelations which have never received their due emphasis in the foreign press. A Norwegian schooner bound for Hamburg, carrying nickel purchased by Krupp from a French firm, was seized in the Channel by a French warship in September, 1914; it was taken to Brest, and released by order of the French Ministry, to continue its voyage! The great steel furnaces of the Briey Basin, operated by the Germans during their occupation, lay within easy range of French guns for four years. But they were only twice bombarded—once by cannon, and once from airplanes, and in each case the officer responsible for damaging the French property which was so useful to the Germans was reprimanded. There were German holdings in the French concern owning these furnaces, but the controlling interest was French. The president was a member of the French Chamber (since re-elected), while his brother was a naturalized German. Bit by bit the sordid story of the financial Internationale, which functioned when labor Internationales were forbidden, leaks out. Mr. Wilson said the war had economic causes; some day we shall learn more of its economic rascalities.

SOME one ought soon to tell us who won the Battle of Jutland. Here is Rear Admiral Plunkett, our American gunnery expert, testifying in Washington that the Germans by their superior gun-fire "turned the British on their heads" in the one big naval battle of the war. Another American officer, Lieutenant Commander Holloway H. Frost, who has contributed a careful study to the *Proceedings of the Naval Institute*, shows that the German losses were less than the British, and altogether so presents the story of the battle, as he has reproduced it from official reports, as to give the impression that the Germans came out ahead. But a German naval officer, Commander Georg von Hase, chief gunnery officer of the battle-cruiser Derflinger during the battle, in a recently-published book freely admits the superiority of the British guns and their firing. He considers the escape of the German fleet from complete annihilation as quite miraculous, and says that its injuries were such as to take six months for repairs. In England the controversy over Jellicoe's conduct of the battle continues. It is still charged by leading experts that his failure to go on with the battle and destroy the enemy was responsible for the continuance of the war. Plainly, when the new world court is constituted, this question of Jutland is one that should, for the sake of future historians, be promptly referred to it for adjudication.

IT is almost impossible, owing to a rigid censorship, to obtain recent details in regard to the tri-cornered dispute between Chile, Peru, and Bolivia over the provinces of Tacna and Arica. Containing, as they do, the richest nitrate of potash fields in the world, these two strips of land have been a bone of contention since Chile's victory over Peru in the war of 1879. In consequence they were temporarily ceded to Chile by Peru, their permanent status to be determined by a plebiscite to be held in ten years. Unfortunately the terms of the plebiscite were not formulated at the time of cession, and no referendum has ever taken place. In 1879 the claim of Bolivia to Tacna, her only possible outlet to the Pacific, was ignored, but more recently this demand has apparently been pressed, and in November it was reported that Chile had ceded to Bolivia a port north of the province of Arica. Anticipating Peru's protests, the report was quickly denied by both countries. In January last the Peruvian National Assembly passed a resolution for the submission of the whole matter to the League of Nations. This time it was Chile's turn to protest loudly. The latest development has been an attack by Bolivians on the Peruvian Legation at La Paz. The United States has sent three notes urging reconciliation between the two countries, and asking that Chile use its influence to prevent a rupture. Argentina, too, has expressed a desire to cooperate in maintaining peace. Chile's part in the latest episode is a matter of conjecture; whether the time-honored game of snatching the spoils while the other two parties fight over them will prove irresistible remains to be seen.

THE appointment of Henry Morgenthau as Ambassador to Mexico marks, we hope, a favorable change in our relationship with that country. This is not only because of Mr. Morgenthau's record of success while Minister to Turkey and his knowledge of the difficult problems of Poland as well as those of the Near East, but because he is a man of strong, humanitarian impulses, not likely to be stampeded by the kind of testimony which Senator Fall's

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committee has been inviting in its sessions on the Mexican border and obviously delighting in. Mr. Morgenthau has seen what disorder and chaos really mean. We venture to assert that he will find Mexico tame and uninteresting by comparison, and that, trained observer that he is, he can be relied upon to see the situation in its proper proportions. It will not prove discouraging, we are certain. But it is Mr. Morgenthau whom we wish to congratulate. A greater opportunity to render service to two great countries he could not ask for. Not only will America watch him, but all the republics to the south of us. It is a task to stimulate any man to do his best, and we can only ask that he do as well as in Turkey. Mr. Charles R. Crane's appointment to China is another most hopeful move for the improvement of the diplomatic service. He is unusually competent, extremely sympathetic with China, and well versed in its affairs—all of which increases the wonder that when so good a man is chosen to be an envoy the President should see fit to ask Mr. Bainbridge Colby, now finally sworn in as Secretary of State, to preside over that great department.

SENATOR BORAH and the New York *World* have dealt a severe blow to the Wood boom by showing that it is supported and housed by multimillionaires and that enormous sums of money are being spent in the effort to capture the nomination. This is hardly to be offset by a medical statement that the doughty General is not in danger of losing his mind because of the injury to his head which resulted in an operation for the removal of what is known as a "benign" growth. But he has carried North Dakota and has gained delegates elsewhere, while his Minnesota success has impressed the politicians—and he is now hard at work to carry Michigan. Yet it is difficult to believe that his candidacy menaces. It has been sprung a bit too early; if it begins to go much better there will be a union of the other candidates against him. More than that, there is no popular acclaim of or demand for him. Wall Street, it is true, is warming to him; his platitudes, and his insistence upon the old order with a total failure to produce a program, appeal mightily to those who are profiting well by existing arrangements. But even the complete wreck of the Democratic party will not warrant the Republicans in choosing a negative person to whom the dollar mark is now being so freely attached.

"WITH a warning against profiteering," writes the New York *World*, "President Wilson today ordered abandonment of government control over bituminous coal prices." Warning in place of control—word in place of act—how familiar it is now to the American people! In this case, as in so many others, the action is caused by refusal to see the fundamental situation. The miners need, and have proved that they need, a large increase in wages, more regular work, and better working and living conditions. The operators have proved that under existing circumstances they cannot grant large concessions without either raising prices or making business unprofitable for the small, high-cost producer. What should have been the answer of the public? Obviously, reorganization of the mining industry so that enormous wastes and enormous profits may be eliminated, and the miners may have a decent life. Instead, the commission advises a half-hearted reorganization which everybody knows will not be carried out, because it would involve the voluntary coöperation of so many business interests which would lose by the arrangement. In order to give the miners satisfaction enough to keep them digging, therefore, prices must be allowed to rise, and the consumer must be content with "a warning against profiteering."

IF only more of us were in danger of electrocution, capital punishment would doubtless long ago have been abolished. The fact that, generally speaking, this method is applied to a comparatively small number of ill-considered wretches whose actions have put them beyond the pale of public consideration has blinded many a man to the horror of the punishment and its social uselessness. Unable to establish by any stretch of logic that execution has a salutary and reformative effect upon the criminal to whom it is applied, the defender of capital punishment is driven to the contention that it is useful as a warning to other evildoers—as a deterrent of crime. This contention has long since been disproved. Crimes are not decreased by the severity of the punishment, but even if the contention were sound it would be outweighed by the final objection to capital punishment—its effect on the society that applies it. As long as murder is met by murder, public or private, the growth of a genuine abhorrence to the taking of human life is sure to be delayed. Not as a proud advance in civilization, but rather as a tardy effort to catch up with the general opinion of enlightened humanity, the Senate of New York should pass the Boylan-Pellet Bill abolishing capital punishment.

"OH, fudge!" said Speaker Sweet at Albany. "It's all bunk!" exclaimed Senator Lusk. "If that constitutes a lobby, then I'm a lobby," admitted Mark A. Daly. These gentlemen, when confronted by the report and protest of the New York League of Women Voters, are naturally not impressed. The innocent ladies, wondering why the bills for social insurance and other progressive measures failed so consistently, undertook an investigation. They discovered only that the Associated Manufacturers and Merchants maintain Mr. Daly with a large expense account at Albany, and that he not only presents views at public hearings, but, through the Speaker and the caucus, exercises a discipline over refractory legislators. They traced the manufacturers' affiliation with the New York League for Americanism, whose director is a professional propagandist for insurance companies, and whose way of attacking Bolshevism is to oppose welfare measures. They found that the Western Newspaper Union had been sending out "boiler plate" to rural papers, attacking sedition and social insurance in the same breath, and that this matter bore the legend: "Sent without charge upon order of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee to Investigate Seditious Activities." The ladies are shocked at the "trickeries and deceptions we have found through our contact with political life." But Messrs. Sweet, Daly, and Lusk are not worried by such commonplaces. They have an answer, and Daly wrote it some time ago in his organ. On the subject of women and politics, he declared "If we were asked to draw an analogy, we'd say that if we had a fractious horse, and after we'd fed him well, pampered him, coddled him, treated him with every kindness and attempted to talk reason at him, he still stood up on his hind legs and pawed at the air, we'd get a rawhide quirt and hire the best horseman we knew and then scientifically and firmly lick the hell right out of him."

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Fair Play for Germany

AT last there comes from the political head of a great European country the word for which humanity has been waiting. The time has now come, Signor Nitti declared in the Italian Chamber of Deputies last week, when the victorious nations *"must unite in sympathy and clemency for the vanquished."* Then he explained that he said this because "the political and economic disorder would disappear only when Europe had become imbued with the spirit of peace." Signor Nitti is right. Europe perishes for lack of the Christian spirit which war ever outrages and banishes, no matter for what high purpose it is undertaken, or how many priests approve.

This utterance of Nitti is peculiarly applicable to what is going on in Germany today. For the moment the middle-of-the-road Socialists seem, after far-reaching concessions to the labor forces, to be holding their own and making some headway in ending the latest war of brothers. But the danger of further fighting and of a fresh attack from the Left is still there. In the Ruhr district and in portions of Thuringia and Saxony the communists, at this writing, are still in control. It is not yet clear whether the existing lull is merely a breathing space or not; the news is too contradictory to permit of a safe judgment.

But whatever happens, Nitti is right. However one may have felt about the Germans and their misdeeds, it is time now for sympathy and clemency. Right-minded persons will give that sympathy, but those whose spirits are still possessed by hate and bitterness may at least see that what Signor Nitti proposes is for the best interests of the Allies. If Germany collapses it will inevitably carry others with it. Our American delegation in Paris saw that clearly last year, with the exception of Mr. Wilson. Since then what has happened in Russia and what is happening in Germany show beyond dispute how little value there is in *cordons sanitaires* and in barbed-wire fences and breastworks of bayonets. Ideas and propaganda o'erleap them all. The only safeguard against the spread of destructive doctrines lies in making those content and happy through justice and fair dealing who might otherwise be tempted to resort to violence.

So with Germany today. What will happen in the next two months there depends largely upon the food situation. Men will take up arms and will insist upon a violent reconstruction of social life whenever they starve. Undernourished as the Germans still are, it will take little to drive them to despair. Yet it is stated in occasional despatches that, if the Reds make dangerous headway, the Allies will cut off all food until the Reds are starved out. Already there are special despatches from Paris foreshadowing a reconstruction of the French Army so that by itself it will be powerful enough to enforce the treaty of Versailles to the letter—even if the Italians and English hold back. Either policy would be a frightful mistake. If the French refuse Premier Nitti's advice and seek to exact the last pound of flesh called for by the impossible and impractical treaty, they will add to the chaos in Germany. If all the Allies together seek to oppose the communist movement thereby starving the already nearly exhausted populace, there will happen precisely what has taken place in Russia as the result of the same policy. No matter what happens in the Ruhr, or anywhere else in Germany, the correct policy is "Hands off." The Germans must work out their own salvation; no one else can do it for them. If further proof of this is needed let the reader turn to the facts in this issue of *The Nation* on what Allied interference has meant for Hungary. No country, or group of countries, is good enough to force its ideas of what constitutes proper government upon others. The temptation to intervene will be made great, indeed, if the Germans drift further toward communism. We shall be told, in the sacred name of property and privilege, to intercede at once by armed force. We shall again be told that a *cordon sanitaire* is necessary if France is to be saved. But Richard Cobden was wise when he said of an Italian situation in writing to a London editor:

> The principle of non-intervention as the right of the people everywhere to self-government is the line the *Star* [newspaper] should take. If the people fall into anarchy, that is *their* affair, and they will be all the more eager to come to an agreement upon some form of government—for order is not only the first law but the greatest necessity of our nature.

More subtle will be the appeal to the humanitarianism of America. We must intervene, we shall be told, in order to save the women and children from starvation. Against such snares let us be forewarned and forearmed now. The occupation of all of Germany is an impossible military task for Europe and America today. If Europe is not bankrupt, she is nearly so. England and France have their hands full now with their far-flung garrisons. In Mesopotamia and Syria, in Ireland and in Egypt, they face grave situations and actual hostilities chiefly as a result of "pacifying occupations." Paris and London can no more work out the future governments of those countries than they can one for Germany. The souls of these new or wrecked nations must find themselves. The way may be long and difficult; there may be bloodshed, injustice, disorder, and unrest at every stage; one régime may tread upon the heels of another and neither be stable nor responsive to what is best in mankind. But after awhile the several peoples will work out their own salvation if let alone, and if aided in their travail by that sympathy and clemency for which Signor Nitti contends. To think otherwise is to despair of humanity and that no one is willing to do.

So whatever the progress of events in Germany, we appeal to America to lay aside what rancor is left and to remember that Europe is one—never more so than in disaster—and that the only way out is to approach the problem in the spirit of the Nazarene, unless they that took up the sword are to perish by it and to carry others to destruction with them. It is the greatest kindness to our ally France to keep its extremists and militarists from having their way in dealing with the prostrate foe. So far from depriving Germany of food, never was it needed so much. Americans ought not to let themselves be misled again by the calling of names. There was a commune and a bloody one in Paris in 1871, but it did not last long and while its horrors were going on and some of the greatest buildings in Paris, such as the Tuilleries and the Hôtel de Ville were going up in flames, and Parisians were killing each other like fiends incarnate, boats from England continued to land gifts of food on the quays of the city. It is a precedent to be followed to the letter in 1920 in Central Europe.

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Still a Chance for Hungary

HUNGARY today is a striking denial of the familiar contention that humiliation is good for the soul—of an enemy. In every way open to the peace makers at Paris, Hungary has been broken and terrorized. Two-thirds of its territory has been given to its grasping neighbors; thousands of its people are living under alien rule, their religion and language outlawed; foreign armies have for long periods been in occupation of even those small territories left under Hungarian control. On another page we publish a tragic account of Transylvanian Hungarians, men and women without a country or a home, living like cattle in freight cars on the railway sidings along the Hungarian frontier.

If a nation can be humbled by suffering, broken and "gentled" by harsh treatment, that nation should be Hungary. It is a fact worthy of long consideration that the Government of Hungary is perhaps the most autocratic, the most brutal, the most repressive, the most militaristic that exists in Europe or Asia today. When Allied diplomacy, enthroned at Paris, broke and cast aside successively the democratic, pro-Ally Karolyi Government; the Communist Government of Bela Kun; the moderate, trade-unionist Government of Jules Peidl; and the Government of Archduke Joseph, it left Hungary practically in the hands of two men: Stephen Friedrich, Premier under Joseph, and Nicolas Horthy, the present Regent. The rule of these men and their supporters is characterized in other pages of this issue. It needs little comment. With the deliberate malice which characterizes a certain type of madmen, the present rulers of Hungary have torn down the careful structure of social improvement begun under Karolyi and continued under the proletarian dictatorship. They have tortured and murdered many of Hungary's leading intellectuals and have driven into exile those who have escaped assassination. They have kidnapped from their places of refuge in Vienna some of those same emigrés and carried them off and killed them. Where they could, they have instigated the peasants to pogroms; where they could not, the officers of the Horthy army have made pogroms themselves. They have interned some 40,000 "undesirable" Hungarians and aliens living in Hungary, and those men and women are now starving and dying in typhus-infested camps. To be a Jew and a Communist or either one in Hungary is to invite death by torture. To be a moderate Social Democrat, to be a member of a radical trade union, or to be a liberal intellectual, is to render oneself liable to arrest and execution. Only to be poor and helpless is enough in Hungary today to invite the wrath of the White Terror.

The documents published in this issue of our International Relations Section give typical instances of a general condition. That they are not exceptional nor the invention of prejudiced radicals is evidenced by a recent cable dispatch to the New York *Times* from Berne, which says in part:

> Owing to the rigid censorship it is impossible to cable anything but untruths direct from Hungary. Admiral Horthy's dictatorship and terrorism exceed those of Bela Kun, and the Red Terror is now supplanted by the White Terror. The acts of Horthy's White Army excel in brutality any excesses of the Bolsheviki. The White Army is composed mostly of officers, living in the best hotels and on the fat of the land, while the masses and middle classes are slowly dying of cold and hunger. No independent expression of opinion is allowed in the Hungarian newspapers, and editors are compelled to fill in censorial blanks on pain of suppression of their newspapers or imprisonment. The rashest insurance company would hardly give a life policy to a Budapest editor now, for every journalist carries his life in his hands.

Az Ember, the Hungarian paper published at Vienna from which the documents in this issue are taken, is edited by Franz Göndör, a Social Democrat who had to flee from Budapest during the Bela Kun régime. His bias is evidently not Communist. He and his friends, at the point of starvation and in constant danger of their lives, are trying to bring the dark facts of the Hungarian horror into a light so clear that even the dim vision of the Allied statesmen must see them.

Complacently, with even more than their usual blindness, the Allied statesmen have shoved Hungary over the edge of the civilized world into the dark void of chaos. By indifference and starvation and force of arms, they threw out their friends. With a futile gesture of disapproval they disposed of the Hapsburg Joseph, leaving in power his supporters. Those supporters and their rule of horror the Allies have formally, definitively recognized by virtue of having received and negotiated with the Hungarian peace delegation. Where the Allies have been short-sighted in Russia, they have been incredibly blind in Hungary. Where they have been indifferent and callous in Russia, they have been acquiescent and approving in Hungary. Where they have tried to crush a dictatorship of the workers in Russia, they have supported a dictatorship of military terror in Hungary. Where they have failed in Russia, they will presently fail in Hungary. The present rule in Hungary will not last. The methods it is using to perpetuate itself prove its weakness. The creation of the regency and the appointment of Horthy as regent indicate the need of an even more rigidly autocratic rule to insure repression and military control. And now it is reported that Horthy is inviting the ex-Emperor Charles to restore the Hungarian Monarchy.

What will the Allies do about Hungary? Doubtless they will do nothing. In the face of the White Terror, wherever it has appeared, the Allies have shown remarkable restraint. Never have they interfered. Sir George Clerk, British representative at Budapest, is reported in all the press of Europe as having answered protests against the present Hungarian Government with the conclusive statement that Horthy was "a gentleman." The American representative is said to have repudiated reports that he disapproved the Friedrich-Horthy régime.

It is quite evident that the Hungarian people will have to fight their own battles; but in all countries people of decent impulses and generous outlook cannot and must not keep silent as to what is going on. French intellectual leaders such as Henri Barbusse and Anatole France have protested against the treatment of certain well-known Hungarian intellectuals—specifically the condemnation to death of Andreas Latzko; the Bureau of the International Trade Union Federation has appealed to the Allied Governments and to the organized workers of the world for action to save the people of Hungary; the Social Democrats of Austria and the Hungarian émigrés at Vienna have asked for financial help for victims of the White Terror. Liberals of the United States are planning a protest which should make itself heard even in Washington and Paris. It is worth something to let the terrorized people of Hungary know that the world is not wholly made up of Rumanian spies and White Army officers and Allied missions and Government representatives.

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Courts of Industrial Injustice

WHILE Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gompers do not unite in favoring the report of the second Industrial Conference, they do agree in condemning the Kansas compulsory arbitration law, which would fasten fresh shackles on labor. Mr. Hoover's warning that to "enter upon summary action of court decision" may "both stifle the delicate adjustment of industrial processes and cause serious conflict over human rights" is by no means pointed enough to describe the danger in the industrial courts bills that are being introduced in State after State by the enemies of unions. Such measures are now pending in New York, New Jersey, Illinois, and Massachusetts, and before long the contagion will doubtless have spread further.

The New York bill, which is similar to most of the others, covers the production, manufacture, or handling of clothing, food products, fuel, building and construction materials of all kinds made of iron or wood, and the transportation of these products. It thus affects many of the powerful unions in the country. While it forbids strikes in all circumstances, it permits shut-downs and lockouts, with the consent of the Court of Industrial Relations. This court consists of three persons to be appointed for a three years' term by the Governor; there are no qualifications specified for the office, so that all three might be employers, corporation lawyers, or deserving politicians. The court can investigate any dispute in the industries named, and hand down an award binding on both parties. Violation of the law is punished by heavy penalties on individuals. There is no basis for the awards except the provision that wages and profits are to be "reasonable and just." Reasonableness and justice of wages and profits are defined only by the stipulation that they must be such that the industries in question are enabled "to continue with reasonable efficiency to produce and transport their products or continue their operation and so promote the general welfare." The upper range of wages is thus limited, but not the lower. The interpretation of these phrases is left entirely to the court itself.

The procedure of the court upsets every wise precedent of labor adjustment. It is bound by the rules of evidence, whose formality may be well adapted for the protection of the accused in criminal cases, but is hopelessly ill-suited for the presentation of economic and social facts. Unions have the right to be represented before it only if they are incorporated. Unincorporated unions have the right of collective bargaining, but only if each individual member who is to be affected appoints in writing a representative to act for him. Furthermore, any agreement made between union and employer may be modified by the court as it sees fit. These provisions are apparently intended not only to force incorporation upon unions, but also to abolish collective bargaining altogether. It is difficult to imagine what pressure a union could exert on an employer if it is forbidden to strike; if none of its members is entitled to the protection of a trade agreement except those who happen to be employed in the plant or industry at the time of the bargain and so are enabled to designate their legal representative; and if the Court of Industrial Relations can at its own initiative or the initiative of the employers, alter any agreement made.

Why choose a moment when labor is rapidly losing faith in the existing order to throw away what advances we have already made in the technique of conciliation? Compulsory arbitration will not remove unrest or prevent strikes; that has been proved wherever it has been tried. An ignorant and clumsy measure of the sort proposed in New York will either fill the prisons or, if it does suppress strikes as we know them, will substitute the far more dangerous sabotage, or strike-on-the-job, for the open conflict. It will furnish, moreover, an irresistible argument for the belief that the status of labor cannot be radically and permanently improved except through control by the workers over the Government itself. Since this control cannot be promptly attained by constitutional methods, every industrial grievance will furnish a new impulse toward revolution by force. If the responsibility for the workers' satisfaction is taken from unions and placed upon law, all injustice in the present order becomes guaranteed by the state, and every mass movement against such injustice becomes an open revolt against political authority.

Away With the Teeth!

THERE was once a doctor, a professor in a great medical school, who, in the early days of the craze for appendicitis operations, solemnly announced to his students "You will live to see the day when every new infant will be vaccinated and have his appendix removed before he is a month old." To which the modern fashionable practitioner would doubtless add "and his tonsils as well." But beyond that science has discovered a new source of all the ills to which human flesh is subject—it is our teeth. You may speak to us if you please about the latest discovery as to tuberculosis and the rumored tagging of the influenza germ; those are as nothing compared to the proof that rheumatism, blindness, short-sightedness, deafness, neurasthenia, insanity, and—but we refrain from adding to the list lest it sound like a patent medicine advertisement—are all caused by our teeth. We confidently expect to see teeth as well as tonsils removed from the sterilized babe of the future—but we forget that teeth are not born with one but acquired.

Now, lest any one accuse us of joking, we call attention to the fact that Viscount Grey, pronounced blind beyond hope by England's greatest oculists, has returned to London with eyesight apparently restored by the simple device of removing one, and only one, tooth—a fact which must thoroughly reward him for his brief ambassadorial stay in Washington. Whether he recommended this practitioner to Mr. Wilson in the hope of having corrected that gentleman's peculiar astigmatism which prevented the President's discovering the presence of Viscount Grey while he was in Washington we are not aware. But certainly this wise physician will go down among the immortals. Viscount Grey may now be relied upon to see when an agreement to go to war is an agreement and when it is not—and he will enjoy in his old age that full communion with his fellow-mortals which is denied to him whose sight is gone. Were we blind, we should not hesitate to discard every single tooth in the hope that at least one hid within its roots the secret of the failure of the optic nerve. We look, therefore, with regret upon news from an association of dentists recently in session at which one doctor laid all the blame for the desire to remove one's molars upon the vicious X-ray. If people would not apply that so frequently, this dentist

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averred, and be so shocked by what it revealed, there would not be this rush for laughing gas plus extractors.

Alas, we see in this an envious Casca. Is it not plain that if full sets of false teeth become the rage the vocation of the average city dentist will have disappeared? We say the average dentist, for there are already extractor-specialists, skilled in gas and in speed of removal, who do nothing else, just as there are physicians who thrive by merely administering ether. These will retain their specialty and wax still richer. But he of the wedge and the filling and the cutting saw, what of him? Must he become extinct? We fear that there is no other way, for when we read of the head of a great insane asylum declaring that he has cured about seventy-five per cent of the patients of his institution simply by employing the services of a dentist, it is surely perfectly plain that the simplest and cheapest way to deal with the whole situation is to have every child's teeth removed as soon as the second set is grown. Forthwith, toothache will disappear and many another ill as well. True, the children will have to be taught that there are certain dangers connected with artificial teeth which cannot be ignored. It was only last week that a young man, thirty-two years of age, choked to death in his sleep—in Brooklyn, of course—because his false teeth slipped down in his throat. But when we read that of the 400,000 school children of Chicago no less than 75 per cent are officially reported to be defective and that "95 per cent of their defects are above the neck," we do not see how anyone can hesitate. The human tooth must go.

The Cause of High Prices

THE Hon. Reginald McKenna, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1915-1916 and adviser to Mr. Lloyd George, then Chancellor, in the preparation of the first war budget in November, 1914, became, after leaving the Government, chairman, or, as we would say, president of the London Joint City and Midland Bank. It has been the custom for the chairman of this bank to make the annual meeting of the stockholders an occasion for a serious address, not on the profits of the business, but on some important question of the public weal, rightly assuming that public service rather than profits is the first duty of a great bank. Mr. McKenna chose for his subject this year, the fundamental cause of high prices.

Mr. McKenna accepts without argument the theory that the amount of currency, plus the amount of bank deposits, together representing the aggregate purchasing power, set over against the volume of trade, will give us the general level of prices. He then shows that in England the increase in purchasing power, or, to use his own phrase, spending power, has been exactly the same since 1914 as the increase in prices. Each, he points out, had risen in England 125 per cent. This may, of course, be a mere coincidence; for of the volume of trade, the denominator in the price fraction, there can be in the nature of things, Professor Irving Fisher to the contrary notwithstanding, no accurate or even approximate measure. Mr. McKenna then proceeds to a careful analysis of how the people of England came into possession of this great increase in spending power. Since by far the greater part, or £2,300,000,000, out of a total of £2,693,000,000, consists of bank deposits, the remainder being currency, he concentrates his attention upon them. He traces the larger part of this in turn to the loans negotiated by the government. Advances made by the banks to a manufacturer or merchant, to facilitate the process of turning raw materials into finished goods or to pass those goods on into the hands of the final consumer, can, he explains, cause no rise in prices, since all the while that they are extant they are balanced by equal values in goods. They are, moreover, extinguished as soon as the goods are disposed of. But government borrowing is very different. If the government borrows from the public, it injects new credit into the current of finance. Save in so far as the public buys the bonds by savings and by direct curtailment of ordinary expenditures, which creates no rise in prices, this form of borrowing comes out of what would otherwise be invested capital. By spending this for war purposes, a form of spending which creates no marketable goods as an offset, the government passes to contractors and others payments which, in turn, pass on and on from one depositor to another. Not until the bonds are redeemed, or acquired by widows and orphans or like persons as permanent investments, will this credit cease to circulate. If the government borrows from the banks, the effect is even more pronouncedly and completely an increase of the public's spending power. Lastly, if the government borrows directly from the Bank of England, the effect is almost the same as passing out fiat money. Moreover, as a large and wealthy buyer, the government itself during war, and as long afterward as it fails or is unable to curtail its own spending, creates a demand for goods, thereby raising first prices and then wages. Thus is the public equipped with the new spending power.

Mr. McKenna looks forward to gradual deflation and falling prices, but he does not underrate the dangers. Rising prices bring high cost of living, but they also stimulate production; falling prices discourage production and bring lack of employment. Which is worse is difficult to say. If it is hard for the man on a fixed income to survive rising prices, it is also hard for the wage earner to get a job when prices fall. "Deflation," says Mr. McKenna, "is bound to be slow. Any attempt, indeed, to bring it about rapidly would cause widespread ruin among manufacturers and traders." One part of the argument has a direct bearing on the new policy, now being pursued by the Federal Reserve Board, of raising the cost of money, although Mr. McKenna confines his attention solely to Great Britain and the policy of the Bank of England. His argument is that raising the bank rate to discourage the discounting of bills in London, thus counteracting the fall in exchange, may not wisely be carried too far under present conditions. He thinks that just now English industry needs cheap money in order to increase production and consequent revival of exports more than it needs a more favorable exchange rate. This, of course, is not applicable to the American situation.

The address reaches a conclusion which seems trite because it has already been so often dinned into our ears, but which is none the less true and vitally important. Mr. McKenna states that his remarks are "a plea for such ruthless cutting down or postponement of all financial outlays by the state as will reduce our expenditures to a figure less than our tax revenue, for by this method alone can we hope to restrict the issue of currency, check the rise in prices, restore our fall in exchange, and reëstablish London in her old position as the financial center and free gold market of the world."

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German Political Tendencies Before the Coup

By MAX HIRSCHBERG

Munich, February 15

THE political situation in Germany today is so confused that it must be impossible for an outsider to form any conception of it. The political ability and acumen of the Germans are being put to a test now that the people have the power to decide their own fate. Unfortunately, the tendency of the German to a fixed adherence to preconceived opinions and to the working out of ideal programs and theories utterly unsuited to the situation of the hour is more clearly demonstrated than ever before. This tendency towards extreme individualism makes it difficult for those of related opinions and allied party groups to unite on a common plan of action. This accounts in part for the great confusion in the internal political situation of Germany today which makes the future so obscure. Because of his training and the paternalistic attitude of his past government, the German is not politically endowed and is bereft of political adroitness. In addition to this, Germany has always produced few great statesmen and diplomats.

Only a people utterly lacking political talent would so long have endured the stupidities of their crowned fools until a great and peace-loving nation was plunged into unspeakable misery. Today one notes various crosscurrents which do not lend encouragement to the hope that Germany will soon find herself politically. Thus, many intellectuals and notably artists desire to make Germany, if possible, merely a land of poets and thinkers, and to persuade her to avoid playing a leading rôle in world politics.

There is actually a strong desire on the part of many people for a "withdrawal from the world" for Germany, and the appeal is finding considerable echo. Just as the child who has been punished declares that he will play no more, so these people believe that Germany can turn its back upon the world and go off to play by itself. Of course, the proposal is absurd, particularly in a country which is all but perishing for lack of the daily necessities. You cannot procure for a people either food or coal, commercial relations or an improvement in exchange merely through intellectual leadership. Above all things, a people must live and *prosper;* this can only be accomplished if it takes an energetic part in the struggle with international factors of commerce and seeks its share energetically and with practical skill. The very fact of Germany's great need will not permit her to withdraw from the world but should lead to a strengthening of her economic policies. It is, of course, well for a nation to concentrate in the direction in which its inclinations lie, but first the necessities of life must be obtained, and to this end strengthening of the will to live is necessary—not the contrary.

Not a withdrawal from political life but political education is what is needed. Germany is wanting in this regard; hence the paucity of leading statesmen. It is easily comprehensible that the people understand so little about politics because until the fall of the monarchy they were intentionally and artfully kept in the dark with regard to the policies of the Government. Under William II they had no opportunity of occupying themselves with politics—their only privilege was to hand in a ballot once in five years. In the directing of its own fate, the people had no voice; this was attended to by the God-appointed monarch and his officials who were chosen less because of their political and statesmanlike qualities than because of their aristocratic and titled lineage, and above all for their faculty of obedience to the "all-highest purposes." Anyone with a political brain had almost no chance for activity in the Germany of William II. Advisers, who might have demonstrated to the monarch the mistakes of his childish policy, would not have been tolerated. Men of prominence could feel no desire to fill important positions in the State when they could never put into practice new ideas because of the opposition of militarists and secret councillors. At best, a statesman could have himself elected to the Reichstag, but even this did not appeal to men of superior intellect because the Reichstag actually possessed little power and had to limit itself on the whole to fruitless speeches and protests. Only in a nation politically immature and uneducated could a William II play the rôle of "Admiral of the Atlantic." Thus the Revolution found the people in a state of extraordinary political ignorance and backwardness.

This accounts for the fact that political parties which in any other country would long ago have destroyed themselves still survive, such as the reactionary and so-called national parties, especially the Conservatives and German-Nationalists. It has been proved by the disclosures of the guilt of the German Government that the Pan-Germans by their policy of the "mailed fist" strongly supported William II in his ideas. In any other country the reappearance of these parties, after such a frightful catastrophe, would have been impossible. In Germany, however, their followers still fill important positions of State. The old generals still have a certain influence and their orators still find willing listeners for their utterances. Outside of Germany the reappearance of these German-Nationalist politicians naturally leads to misunderstandings fraught with serious consequences. It is thought that their activities would be impossible without the support of great masses, and the assurances of the Ebert Government that Germany is not planning a continuance of "the policy of might," and is not slowly preparing for a war of revenge, are looked upon with distrust. What the immediate future has in store for us no one can tell, but I believe that no danger threatens from the reactionary side. The outbursts of indignation over the acquittal in Berlin of the officer, Captain Marloh, who a year ago slaughtered in cold blood dozens of sailors of the Berlin naval brigade, is plain evidence on this point. While there is danger of the people being misled by Ludendorff and others, the power of these men is vanishing and the transformation of the people as a whole is honest and unquestionable. As a matter of fact, the following of the German national parties is far smaller than might be suspected when one reads the speeches of their leaders. At the same time, it is a serious fact that the bureaucracy is to a large extent monarchistically inclined and utterly opposed to the existing government.

This is one of the sources of weakness of the Ebert régime; it has not been willing to or has been unable to clean house in the departments. Naturally, it is not easy to turn adrift men who have so long served the state. None

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the less, the restoration of the monarchy is inconceivable. The reactionary parties cannot overthrow the existing government because the power of the laboring classes and of liberally-minded citizens is too great. I look for no successful revolution from the right. It is unfortunate, however, that so many servitors and adulators of the old government still fill important posts. This is due to the regrettable weakness of the Ebert-Bauer type of the Majority Socialists, so many of whose members were disloyal to their former liberal views when they were put into the position of having to translate their policy of opposition, which they had carried on for decades, into one of constructive governing. The former trade union officials and labor leaders, suddenly become ministers of state, have shown that they have had too little political vision and ability to put their principles into effect, particularly in a time of disorganization, chaos, and intense physical and mental suffering and exhaustion. Then it is, of course, impossible to look for a wise and statesmanlike foreign policy when so many officials of the old régime continue to fill places in the Foreign Office and embassies. The Ebert Government should have broken new paths for itself and cut loose from the old methods of force, martial law, and militarism. Instead of this, Noske and his associates have obstinately opposed the introduction of the reforms to which the Socialists have so long been pledged on the ground that the people were not yet ready for radical changes.

As a result, this has brought about an enormous strengthening of the two radical parties—the "Independents" and the "Communists." But both are wanting in leaders possessing statesmanlike qualities. The Communists, ,in particular, place more faith in the speeches of their leaders than is justified; their entire policy is conducted with the hope of a world revolution, and although Lenin himself has since admitted that the world revolution will assume an entirely different form from that which he at first hoped for, the German Communists still allow themselves to be led astray by catchwords. The actual Labor party has become the party of "Independents." In essentials they cling to the Erfurt Program in which the principles of the former Social Democracy are laid down, but their policy is today purely a policy of opposition and is lacking in constructive quality. Thus the political situation in New Germany is today as confused as possible. No party has the power to play a leading rôle, and in the National Assembly we see the old drama of changing majorities, in which the Majority Social Democrats now unite with the Center and then with the Independents, so that the old system of political barter and the old policy of drift still continue.

Nevertheless, there is no reason to look upon the future as hopeless. We must consider what enormous innovations have been instituted since the Revolution. There is a long process of education to be gone through with, but liberty will progress slowly and surely. There will never again be a Germany in which junkers and generals will rule. There will be no return of the Hohenzollern, but there will be a modern, peace-loving Germany that will have a strong claim to be admitted to the community of nations.

Revolutions and Health: Hungary's Experience

By M. A. GOLDZIEHER

SINCE the collapse of the Central Powers, feudal-capitalistic Hungary has gone through several revolutions of different kinds and colors. The pacifist, liberal revolution of the autumn of 1918 was soon followed by a development in a socialist direction, which was terminated in March, 1919, by Bela Kun's dictatorship. Since the breakdown of Soviet rule, and the prompt overthrow of the moderate Peidl Government, the dictatorship of Friedrich and the White Guards has controlled Hungary.

The Hungary of the old régime showed very little consideration for social welfare and hygiene. Aside from the public care of children, which was maintained on a fairly large scale, no essential governmental interest in social hygiene was evident. The Hungarian Health Law of 1876 was, of course, quite obsolete; there was no Ministry or Board of Health; a small department in the Ministry for Internal Affairs handled these matters. No experts were employed; the chief officials were lawyers. Physicians were employed only for subordinate functions. Money was never obtainable for sanitary purposes. Once, for instance, there arose the much neglected question of the water supply for the great dry Hungarian plains; the department succeeded in getting an annuity of 100,000 crowns ($20,000) to supply with drilled wells a country of more than twenty million inhabitants! Physicians were paid badly: the salary of a district doctor ranged between 1,200 and 2,500 crowns. Even the physicians employed for the highest functions of public hygiene were paid little more, so that they were forced to be private practitioners, to the detriment of their official duties. Nor was money to be had for building hospitals. It is true, the University of Budapest and some wealthy municipalities built new and even pretentious clinics and hospitals, but where the local will to sacrifice did not replace the state, nothing was done. That conditions of public health in Hungary were not worse was due chiefly to the ability of the Hungarian physicians and to the cleanliness of the population.

After the revolution in the autumn of 1918 public opinion demanded a thorough change. A group of physicians, mostly young professors and lecturers of the University of Budapest, accepted the task of reorganization. In connection with the new Ministry of Labor and Public Welfare, a rather independent Board of Health was planned. Unfortunately, the work of organization dragged on interminably. The Minister, Mr. Kunfi, who was then the leader of the Social-Democratic party, was too busy with politics to devote himself entirely to the Board. The obstinate struggle between the liberal parties and the Socialists in the coalition Government continually created new obstacles, especially in personal questions, such as employment. The Act concerning the organization of the new Board of Health was ignored for months by the Cabinet, which debated for hours every day instead of acting. The Act was finally passed in March, 1919; the new Board was to have begun its functions at the end of March, but a week before this a new revolution brought the dictatorship of the proletariat.

During the hopeless months of the impotent coalition Government, only two problems concerning health affairs

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had been solved: first, the termination of war conditions in matters of sanitation; and second, the fight against epidemics, which were made a menace by the masses of soldiers and war prisoners returning from Russia. Both of these questions were answered effectively. In spite of the indescribable confusion following the sudden dissolution of the army and the revolutionary fervor of the returning soldiers, a large part of the sanitary equipment of the army was saved, collected in stores, and employed to meet the needs of the population. The unimaginable lack of all sanitary materials—surely the most dreary consequence of the blockade—emphasized the importance of rescuing the military stores. It was also necessary to provide for the great mass of returning physicians, trained nurses, and other helpers, most of whom were unemployed. They were retained nominally in the military service, but used for civilian purposes. All distinctions between military and civilian sanitary service were abolished, because such differentiation seemed superfluous and served only the militarist spirit.

On the other hand the campaign against epidemics was founded on war experiences. Armed companies, rapidly created and constantly increased, took special care that hygienic ordinances should be executed promptly. Returning soldiers and war prisoners, about to leave the railway stations, could often only be bathed and disinfected by force. An adequate number of baths and disinfecting establishments were provided. A thorough control of returned men brought the sick ones under medical observation without delay. Numerous experienced physicians travelled throughout the country, investigating suspect cases and instructing the country physicians. Those materials needed in case of a sudden epidemic were always available for immediate transport.

The efficiency of these measures was proved. In spite of its revolutionary disorder, Hungary suffered little from epidemics during the very time when its neighbors, Rumania, Poland, and the Ukraine, were terribly ravaged.

The revolution of March 21 promptly enforced its communist principles in the sphere of health. A young Bolshevist physician, Dr. Guth, was appointed as People's Commissar for Public Health. His staff, composed of members of the youngest medical generation who had just finished their studies, were, of course, sincere Bolsheviki, but possessed very small knowledge of medicine and especially of social hygiene. The first decrees of the new leaders were overhasty and inconsiderate. Every hospital, belonging to individuals, societies, or municipalities, was socialized. In executing this program, unfortunately, the greater part of the mobile inventory was robbed; urgently needed instruments, drugs, and linen soon appeared in the traffic of profiteers. The old, experienced chief surgeons, physicians, and directors were replaced by young doctors, or even by trained nurses. A Soviet, consisting of one professor, one assistant, one student, one trained nurse, and one auxiliary worker, ruled the university. Regardless of the enormous expense involved, a further decree stated that in the hospitals of the Soviet Republic patients need pay neither for food nor for other benefits. Special decrees socialized the pharmacies and regulated their traffic. In consequence no drugs were obtainable except from profiteers for enormous prices. The hope that the income of pharmacists would become a revenue for the state soon proved illusory; the pharmacies could not even pay the wages of their employees, though the officially fixed prices of drugs were substantially raised. All the watering places and summer resorts, even cottages in the neighborhood of Budapest, were socialized and given over to the care of tubercular patients, regardless of the suitability of the buildings for that purpose.

Finally, the Communist Government proposed to socialize all physicians; that is, every physician having a diploma was, *ipso facto*, to be a state employee. The plan fixed a six-hour work-day and 3,000 crowns monthly salary, without regard to age, special knowledge, or abilities; i. e., the distinguished scientist would necessarily be reduced to the level of the young men just out of school. Obviously, they proposed to prohibit the practice of medicine for money. It is fortunate for suffering humanity that it was possible to defeat this project. That these half-baked ideas were not put into execution may be attributed primarily to the protest of several trades unions, especially that of the metallurgists, who declared themselves against a further surrender of their sick comrades into the hands of these green boys. The trades unions protested against what they called the "Green Terror." They demanded and secured the immediate reinstallation of the experts in their former positions, even though some were not Socialists.

The same physicians who had reorganized the health administration after the first revolution resumed their places, rigorously controlled by political commissars. They had a great deal to repair. First they restored the former hospital directors and physicians. The cottages and mansions, intended for hospitals, though unsuited to the purpose, were otherwise employed. The summer resorts were set free for general use. The anomalous treatment of pharmacies was stopped. As the financial authorities protested against the unreasonable hospital budgets, moderate pay for care and food was again required. A new decree, carefully worked out, directing the fight against infectious diseases, replaced the old and obsolete law; men and means for a successful medical campaign were provided without delay. Numerous physicians were employed to be sent through the country wherever and whenever infectious diseases broke out.

In five large private institutes huge quantities of serum and vaccine were produced, partly for foreign trade. After their socialization, the five former directors comprised the administrative Soviet and from a state of capitalistic anarchy, these unified institutes evolved into orderly monuments of socialization. Another newly-created institute had the oversight of the value and purity of the serums. A further ordinance controlled the various private bacteriological and hygienic laboratories in their public service. Problems of general cleanliness were most difficult of solution. The shortage of fuel made it impossible to provide baths for individuals. Therefore, numerous public baths were built, the excess steam in the great factories being employed to overcome the obstacle of fuel shortage. In some country towns, as well, were constructed smaller baths, laundries, many swimming pools, and river baths, chiefly for use by the Red troops. In Budapest a gigantic bath was built on the beach of the Margaret Island. Here about ten thousand people could take a daily bath or bask in the sunshine.

Before the war, Budapest had 930,000 inhabitants; in 1919 there were more than 1,500,000. The Soviet Government tried to meet the housing problem by requisitioning rooms from the bourgeoisie and sheltering therein proletarians who had previously lived in unbearably overcrowded lodgings. It was very important, in the course of these mass

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movements, to avoid the spread of infectious diseases; therefore, each District Housing Commission was supplemented by a physician. Unfortunately, the advice of these physicians was often ignored. To clean the proletarian tenements of insects and vermin a vast program was introduced, concentrating the former private disinfecting enterprises in one huge organization. Special ordinances regulated the questions of burials and allowed the cremation of corpses, which until this time had been forbidden. Thorough medical attention was applied to the schools. For every thousand school children one school physician was appointed, who had to examine periodically the children's health and control hygienic conditions.

By far the greatest difficulty arose because of the shortage of drugs and other medical materials. Accordingly, a central office was created to supply hospitals with drugs, food, and other supplies. In the hospitals only one kind of food was to be had. Patients, physicians, and employees received the same menu. As may be imagined, this Central Office used every means to meet the most urgent demands, both by increasing the production in Hungarian drug factories and by smuggling through the blockade.

New out-patient institutions for venereal diseases served the terribly increased need; some new hospitals were opened for the same purpose. All available means were exploited in the struggle against tuberculosis. Special scientific institutes were founded for tuberculosis and cancer researches. Incurable patients, suffering from tuberculosis or inoperable cancer, were sheltered in special hospitals.

A severe decree prohibited alcoholic drinks; such drinks were obtainable only by a medical prescription. But it must be conceded that though Hungary was generally "dry" in those days, counter-revolutionaries as well as leading Communists, and especially the Red soldiers, transgressed the prohibition law as often as they could. The publication of advertisements in the newspapers hawking quack medicines or specialist doctors was severely forbidden. Finally, a thorough reform of medical instruction was prepared, to perfect the practical skill of the coming medical generation. But no far-reaching changes were made in the faculties.

A hard task was that of providing the Red Army with sanitary equipment; but most difficult of all was preventing certain short-sighted actions of other boards. Once, for instance, at the very moment when the typhus menace was most acute, a decree was issued by the Commissar of Public Education ordering the proletarian children to bathe in the bathrooms of private houses. They forgot, it seems, that private lodgings are, from a hygienic point of view, not fit for mass bathing, especially not in times of epidemic. This ordinance was never executed; nor was another which provided that every child from three to six years old, without exception, was to be sent to kindergarten for the whole day. The theorists did not care whether kindergartens and nurses were adequately provided. It was more dangerous when men like Szamuelly wanted to carry class-hatred even to the sick and demanded the expulsion of the bourgeoisie from every better-equipped hospital. This plan was successfully checked and the physician retained his right to regard his patients as suffering human beings, not as members of a special class.

In spite of such difficulties with the Communist authorities, however, it must be stated that in Communist Hungary large opportunities for reform in matters of social hygiene were afforded. It must also be emphasized that lack of money was never allowed to be an obstacle to progress in questions of sanitation.

The contrast after the fall of the Soviets and the beginning of the White rule was striking. The White Government, with ruthless consistency, abolished every decree or ordinance issued during the Soviet rule, even those concerning sanitary matters, which had nothing whatever to do with the principle of private property. Those experts who had worked at the head of the Health Board for a year were now driven out. One of the most intimate friends of Mr. Friedrich became the new Minister. Though he was only a dentist, he was considered to be expert enough, and to need no other help than that provided by the lawyers of the old régime.

As a consequence of the annihilation of the Soviet decrees, everyone—physicians, trained nurses, and other helpers employed during the Soviet régime—automatically lost their employment. But the Whites did not employ others or create new organizations to replace those abolished; they contented themselves with demolishing and seemed wholly indifferent to rebuilding.

They did away with the centralized Serum Institute, the central office and stock of sanitary materials, the scientific Institutes for Tuberculosis and Cancer Research. The patients' financial obligation (for food and care) in public hospitals, which was fixed under the Soviet rule at 10 crowns daily, has increased gradually until it has now reached 51 crowns. Patients are no longer admitted, except in the most urgent surgical cases, until they pay in advance for three weeks. If a day laborer, who earns but 30 crowns daily, happens to fall sick, he has to pay in advance 1,000 crowns to be admitted to a public hospital. It is not surprising that the hospitals are not overcrowded!

In the pharmacies, restored to their former owners, drugs are scarce and tremendously expensive. The trade in drugs, severely controlled by the Government during the war, is now unchecked and mostly in the hands of profiteers. The result may be shown by one example: one tube of aspirin that formerly cost 0.6 crowns, today costs 20 crowns. In the newspapers the familiar advertisements of quack medicines have reappeared, and also those of the charlatans who pretend to cure their patients by correspondence.

Some tuberculosis hospitals had to be closed, because the Government could not afford the expense. On the other hand, the Whites decided to abolish the new and very lucrative baths on the beach of the Margaret Island for "moral" reasons! They also stopped the building of several public baths not yet completed. The University has been closed since autumn. Armed "White guards" watch the doors and prohibit the entrance of anyone who might be suspected of liberal views, socialist opinions, or Jewish origin. Eleven professors and lecturers at the Budapest Medical School have been dismissed without trial as "Communists"; some of them are well known in the international scientific world. Fifty assistants shared this undeserved fate.

Anyone who contemplates these facts without political prejudice must agree that reaction has again revealed itself as the deadly foe of culture. The deplorable events of the Horthy régime are the more striking when compared with the achievements of the Karolyi and Kun revolutionary Governments. At least in matters of public health, the Hungarian revolutions made conspicuous progress. The memory of these notable achievements will survive and again come into its own.

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Kornilov and Kapp

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THERE is a striking similarity in general outline between the historical rôles played by Kornilov in Russia and by Kapp and Von Luettwitz in Germany. General Kornilov, like General von Luettwitz, visualized himself as the savior of the state from the menace of Bolshevism. The Russian and German peoples displayed an unexpected spirit of fierce resistance to their self-appointed saviors; and both the attempted coups collapsed within approximately the same period of time—five days.

The resemblance between the Kornilov and the Kapp revolts is not accidental or superficial. Both were the products of a play of practically identical forces and circumstances. The Russian and German Revolutions split the two countries into three fairly distinct camps. To the Right stood the upholders of Kornilov and Kapp, capitalists, landowners, old army officers. The Centre was occupied by the Kerensky-Ebert supporters, represented in Russia by the more radical Cadets, the Mensheviki, and the right wing of the Social Revolutionists; in Germany by the radical Democrats and the Majority Socialists. To the Left were the Russian Bolsheviki and their German comrades, the Spartacans, with whom may be counted a large and increasing faction among the Independent Socialists.

Now, on the 16th-17th of July, 1917, the Petrograd Bolsheviki participated in an abortive and poorly organized uprising against the Kerensky Government, quite comparable to the unsuccessful Spartacan outbreaks in January and March, 1919. Kerensky suppressed the revolt by bringing in troops from the front. These troops behaved very much like Noske's White Guards in Berlin. Not content with suppressing the uprising, they raided Menshevik and Bolshevik organizations indiscriminately, made wholesale arrests, in some cases against the orders of the Government, and shot people without any very careful inquiry into their guilt.

Kerensky, however, was by no means so lax in dealing with Bolshevik sedition as some of his conservative critics are inclined to imply. On July 25 capital punishment was restored at the front, and on the 29th the *Pravda*, the chief Bolshevik organ, was suppressed, to the great delight of the *Izvestia*. On the 31st General Kornilov, known as a stern disciplinarian, replaced General Brusilov as commander-in-chief. Trotzky and Lunacharsky were arrested on August 6. The highwater mark of reaction was reached on August 15, when constitutional liberties were suspended and the Government assumed the right of making arbitrary arrests without preferring charges.

By this time the menace from the Left seemed to be effectively liquidated, just as German Communism seemed to be extinguished during the last year. The Bolshevik leaders were in hiding or in prison; their newspapers were suppressed; the workmen's militia which had supported their previous insurrections was disarmed and disbanded. But a new danger now appeared, the danger of monarchist reaction. General Kornilov was making more and more drastic demands upon the Government. On the 16th of August he asked for the institution of capital punishment in the rear. On the 23d he made a far more sweeping demand, for the placing of factories and railroads under military control and discipline. This plan, if it had been adopted, would have been tantamount to the setting up of a military dictatorship. Kornilov received the support of the Minister of War, Savinkov, the Russian Noske, an ex-Terrorist transformed into a reactionary. At the Moscow State Conference on August 25-26 Kornilov made a triumphal entry into the city; and was greeted with wild enthusiasm by all the conservative elements. Kerensky replied to this demonstration by making a speech, in which he declared that any attempt at counter revolution would be put down "with blood and iron." It is easy to recall similar warnings to the German militarists by Ebert and others of his Government.

On September 8 Kornilov, whom Kapp and Von Luettwitz seem to have taken as a model, dispatched an ultimatum to Kerensky through Lvov, not the Prince and former Premier of that name, but an obscure individual who held the office of Procurator of the Holy Synod. The ultimatum was a frank demand that Kerensky abdicate in favor of Kornilov. Kerensky verified the message by direct telegraphic communication with Kornilov, placed Lvov under arrest and took measures to suppress the rebellion. From this point on the incidents in the Russian and German counter revolution are practically interchangeable. For a day or two both sides were dazed and cautious. There were negotiations and rumors of negotiations. Like Hindenburg and Helfferich, the prominent Russian conservative leaders coyly held aloof from the move until they could see how it was likely to turn out. The *Ryetch*, the leading Cadet paper, in an editorial on September 9 pleaded for conciliation. On the 10th negotiations were broken off; and Kornilov started to move his "Savage" Division against Petrograd. The response to this movement was as prompt and decisive as was the response of the Germans to Kapp. The workers of Petrograd rushed to arms. The Junkers who had previously guarded the Winter Palace were replaced by Kronstadt sailors. Kerensky freed the Bolsheviki just as imprisoned Communists were released in many German cities.

On the whole the Russian counter revolution was weaker than the German. Kornilov's "Savage" Division, consisting of Mohammedan tribesmen, proved considerably less "savage" than Von Luettwitz's Baltic Division. Its advance was successfully stopped by a propaganda detachment of Mohammedan orators sent out by the Petrograd Soviet. On September 11 Kerensky, conscious of his power, proclaimed Kornilov and his principal supporters, Generals Denikin, Lukomsky, Markoff and Kisliakoff, rebels. But this proclamation, like Ebert's proclamation against Kapp, did not represent any very vindictive feeling on the part of the Premier toward the rebels. True, Avksentiev, Kerensky's Minister of the Interior, grimly observed that Kornilov might well enjoy the benefit of the death penalty which he had so long and insistently demanded; but Kerensky himself was anxious to liquidate the affair with as little bitterness and bloodshed as possible. He realized that, just as the Bolshevik uprising in July had been followed by a dangerous swing to the Right, so this conservative coup was certain to precipitate an equally dangerous swing to the Left.

Kerensky appointed a monarchist, General Alexeiev, to Kornilov's post as commander-in-chief. He attempted to placate the Cadet party by inviting its members to enter a

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coalition cabinet. The *Ryetch* of September 13, in an interesting editorial, gently reproved Kornilov for his well-meaning but rash actions, praised the appointment of General Alexeiev, and urged the creation of a cabinet of "experts." (A curious and amusing anticipation of Kapp's suggestion.)

But the aftermath of the Kornilov affair, which is worth studying as a possible forecast of the future course of events in Germany, proceeded along lines quite different from those to which Kerensky wished to adhere. He found himself immediately compelled to dismiss Savinkov, the "strong man" of his cabinet. The Red Guard, the workmen's militia, openly began to drill and arm. The Duma, which had dragged out a lingering existence during the summer, was abolished. Most significant of all, the Bolsheviki began to win a striking series of electoral victories in Petrograd and Moscow. On the 13th of September the Petrograd Soviet, for the first time, passed an important Bolshevik resolution by a majority of 279—115, with 50 not voting. Among other things the resolution called for the proclamation of a democratic republic, for the abolition of private property in land, for the nationalization of the principal industries, for merciless taxation of all profits, for the immediate convocation of the constituent assembly and the publication of the secret treaties, together with an invitation to all peoples to conclude a democratic peace. There is a marked similarity between some of the terms of this resolution and the concessions which Ebert was forced to grant in order to terminate the general strike. The Mensheviki complained that the resolution was "put over" at a scantily attended meeting of the Soviet. At a subsequent full meeting, however, the Bolsheviki won again on another issue, 519—414, with 67 not voting. Thereupon the presidium of the Petrograd Soviet resigned; and Trotzky was elected chairman in place of the Georgian Menshevik Cheidzke.

On September 17, the day when Kerensky ordered the abolition of the radical committees, Lunacharsky was elected one of the three vice-mayors of Petrograd. The same tendency was visible in Moscow. Here the Bolsheviki gained a clear majority over all the other Socialist parties in the Soviet. In the elections to the district duma, which, unlike the elections to the Soviet, were open to the propertied classes, the Moscow Bolsheviki polled more votes than all the other parties, Socialist and Liberal combined. Among the soldiers of the Moscow garrison the Bolshevik majority was simply overwhelming—14,467 votes out of 17,819.

The passing of the Soviets into the control of the Bolsheviki was a fatal blow to the Kerensky régime. For the Soviet, at that time, was the only organ of national popular representation; and no government could very well endure in the face of its hostility. In convoking the Democratic Conference and the Pre-Parliament Kerensky was desperately groping around for some new body to offset the Soviet. Both these attempts failed completely; and the overthrow of Kerensky in November was only a logical and inevitable consequence of the September and October elections.

Of course the analogy between Russia and Germany is not complete. The Soviet idea has never acquired a firm grip upon Germany; and a National Assembly has been functioning there for more than a year. But the prestige of the Assembly has certainly been shaken by its recent inglorious flight from Berlin. Ebert survived Kapp, as Kerensky survived Kornilov. But Ebert's Government survived weakened, discredited and leaning to a dangerous extent upon the unstable support of the Left. Any elections held at this time would certainly reveal an immense increase in the strength of the Independent Socialists, whose radical wing merges imperceptibly with the Communists. The Kapp upheaval caught the German Communists off their guard, with no prepared plan of insurrection. When they decide to make a genuine test of strength (and, to preserve the Russian parallel, they should make this test in May) the Ebert Government will need all the support it can command.

In this connection it will be interesting to observe whether the Allies, in their policy towards Germany, will depart from the lines which they pursued in dealing with Russia and Hungary. In place of Kerensky they got Lenin; in place of Karolyi they got Admiral Horthy; in Germany they have apparently escaped Von Hindenburg; will they now play into the hands of Herr Däumig?

Car-Dwellers of Budapest

By EVA VAJKAI

Budapest, January 31

MR. THEODOR BARTL, Secretary of the Municipality of Budapest and Commissioner of the Fugitives, invited me to visit with him the western railway station in Budapest. After walking for about ten minutes along the tracks, we saw long lines of cars, such as are used for the transport of animals and freight. An employee joined us.

"How many are there?" asked Mr. Bartl, looking at his notebook. "Ninety-eight are assigned to this station."

"One hundred and twenty-seven," answered the man. "Twenty-nine cars full have come tonight, the same people we sent away five days ago in order to get them home into their villages under Rumanian occupation."

"Why have they come back?"

"The Rumanians would not let them go over the Tisza."

Mr. Bartl shrugged his shoulders. "Always the same story. Their number is telephoned to us every evening, and in the morning a new lot has arrived. In addition to the thousands who would not take the oath to the Rumanian constitution, there are the inhabitants of whole villages, who fled in April, May, and June, because their homes stood in the firing-line. These are the worst off; for eight months they have been sleeping on rotten straw in the cars, most of them in rags, as they could not bring anything except what they had on their bodies. We feed them—but do not ask how—with such provisions as we have. And what you see here, you will find in every little town in the country; but the country towns try to get rid of them by sending them here as soon as a locomotive can be found."

We go first to see the newcomers. We knock at the closed door; it is pushed open; we climb up a little ladder into the dim interior, whence a filthy gust of air strikes us. These cars, of course, have no windows—only the usual little latticed openings which are covered with rags or paper, in order to keep out the cold air. There is literally no furniture—dirty straw for beds and some chests which serve as chairs. Twenty-two people live in this car, men, women, and children, promiscuously huddled together ever since April, 1919. They fled from the country of Szatmar by night, after having endured gun-fire all day long. Four times already negotiations have been opened with the Rumanians, to get them home. The High Commandant agreed, but the sentries near the Tisza did not let them pass the

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bridge. These people are wholly apathetic; they let themselves be shunted to and fro. They steal wood here and there to keep the car warm, but that is all. They have each of them one shirt, a pair of trousers, and the most necessary clothing. It was distributed to them from the Swiss gifts. No shoes, no stockings.

With very few exceptions the same state of things exists in the other twenty-eight cars on this track. We notice the great number of children. They are from Transylvania and have the right—on paper—to go back, since they were born there. All look pale and thin, with their bones sticking out; no one would recognize them as of that robust race, the Szekely.

On the next line stand the cars of the state employees, who come from the parts occupied by the Jugoslavs and from Fiume, most of them from the staffs of the railways. One sees good furniture in their cars, but there is the same want of air in these cattle-trucks, unfit for human beings, and the same promiscuous huddling together, regardless of age or sex. The men are employed in the offices in Budapest, where in a short time there will be a special employee to stamp each letter! For the country, reduced to fourteen counties and with not even a third part of its territory left, has, somehow or other, to feed the thousands and thousands of its employees, victims of the war. In one car we are shown a child about a week old. It is wrapped in the petticoat of the young mother; no baby cloth is to be had in Budapest, and no foreign supplies can be given to individuals when hospitals are unprovided for.

On an adjacent track, in cars carefully closed, live people of the middle class from Slovakia and Transylvania.

"You cannot see them," says Mr. Bartl. "They are ashamed of their misery and had rather die than exhibit it." Yet the man who accompanies us knocks at the door of a car, and a woman opens it. Very thin and white is she, the wife of a college professor. The man gives her a paper to sign. I peep into the interior. Very little furniture. No fire in the little stove; it is miserably cold; her fingers are stiff and she is scarcely able to hold the pen.

"You get frozen here," says the man. She shrugs her shoulders. "The coal I get on the ticket is just enough to cook our dinner in the evening."

The man having stepped away, I venture to say, casting a furtive glance on a car filled with wood standing near her door, "Is there no way to get some?"

She looks at me vacantly for a moment, then answers: "No. I wont steal; I would rather die."

"They are all like her—the better people, I mean," says Mr. Bartl. "The others, poor devils, get broken by misery. We have no material to build anything better than a barrack for them. At first they struggle to arrange things as comfortably as they can; then they lose their energy and become apathetic. A man without a room to dwell in is just like a fish thrown out on the shore; he cannot live."

As I looked at all those rows of cars intended for cattle, now filled with human beings, I was told that on this day 645 cars stood in the different stations of Budapest and about 2,000 more in the whole of the unoccupied territory; all filled with people who either had been driven out of their homes by the occupying forces, or had had to flee from persecution of the most outrageous sort.

And all the while Wilson preaches of the protection of minorities!

Mrs. Humphry Ward

By MURIEL HARRIS

THE death of Mrs. Humphry Ward represents not only the end of a manifold career, but also the end of an epoch. There is no one to fill her place in English society, because there is no one left with the early Victorian idea of modern greatness. As shown most obviously in her books, Mrs. Ward thought of greatness as a concrete thing; as shown less obviously in her political and social career, she thought of it as a regenerating force which should make England—what? Something different, at all events, from what it was. Mrs. Ward's books often end in regenerating schemes which take the form of a museum or an institution. This was the Besant tradition—the tradition of the Victorian reformers, which she translated into terms that no one could fail to understand. But politically she was less vague. England—great, beloved England, as she understood it—was to be regenerated by its great young men. Some of these great young men grew old with her, but the idea remained and she was happy in having in her own family a great young man—George Trevelyan, of Garibaldi fame. Half her resistance to woman suffrage was based on this theory, almost unconscious, of the great young man, which often meant great in culture, or in position, or in politics, sometimes in all three. It was entirely by her efforts that her son obtained a seat in Parliament. It was as her spokesman that he opposed woman suffrage and made himself something of a reputation in so doing. It was also her view that women should take part in municipal affairs. But just on the one point—the actual question of the vote—this advanced woman, who herself enjoyed a life of the widest interest, who had great influence in all sorts of political directions, who quite recently became one of the first women justices of the peace, remained obdurate—hugging the romance of the great young man, to whom the great young woman should be at once the helpmate and the Egeria but not the co-voter. This was the romantic side of England's most popular novelist.

There is much to account for Mrs. Ward's belief in greatness. She came of a great and pleasant tradition. The Arnold family are well known in this country, but it is not generally realized now remarkable is their tradition. Four generations, if not in the direct line, of writers, thinkers, students, men and women of distinction, is rare enough. Yet this is the record of the Arnold family. Dr. Arnold of Rugby, Matthew Arnold in the next generation, Mrs. Ward herself, and of the present generation the already notable biologist, Julian Huxley, are representative of the four generations. Mrs. Ward's own generation has a remarkable enough record. Her sister, Ethel Arnold, a brilliant talker, and intimate friend of Henry James, is an equally brilliant lecturer. Another sister married Leonard Huxley, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and founded a school for girls which is one of the famous schools of England. Her brother, William Arnold, whose book on Roman provincial administration is a classic, was also assistant editor for many years of the

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Manchester Guardian. It was largely due to his idea of journalism that the *Guardian* attained its present position. Unlike many scholars and thinkers of his day, he held that to journalism should be given the very best by the very best men. Mrs. Ward's son-in-law, George Trevelyan, amplified the Arnold tradition. It is really not surprising that in it, with all its pleasures and all its opportunities and with all the sense of its beneficence, she should have revelled and made of it perhaps something of a fetish.

It was at Oxford that she met her husband. England has been rather noted for her bluestockings from the days of Miss Seward downwards. Miss Arnold, as she then was, read Greek with Humphry Ward, and when they married they formed the center of a most exclusive Oxford set which also included pretty slim-waisted Mrs. Green, the wife of the historian, John Richard Green. "Robert Elsmere" has been often discussed. It seems rather a storm in a teacup nowadays, but it was notable enough to attract the attention of Gladstone, and from the date of his lengthy review of it Mrs. Ward's literary and financial fortunes were made. But this was not all. Her social fortune was also made, for from being at the center of culture, she now entered also into the high political spheres which her novels so frequently describe. It was here that she really enjoyed herself. Friendships with social reformers, with politicians, statesmen, were the breath of life to her, and while she has often been accused of an exclusive love of duchesses, duchesses did represent to her the romance of governing. Her duchesses can commit solecisms in her novels which would be properly condemned in less exalted heroines, but it is largely because duchesses have possibilities that she is so much interested in them. One of her most intimate friends was Lord Grey, and she and her family often visited him in his Northumbrian home, where he interested himself chiefly in the flight of birds. Another great friend was Lord Haldane. The two met on philosophical grounds, Mrs. Ward having all George Eliot's passion for a knowledge which was still so new to women as to prevent them from taking it for granted. Lord Haldane received from her the adulation which few men really dislike, and much enjoyed his stay in her beautiful home at Stocks, so called because of an old pair of stocks still to be seen in the village. His nickname of "cold crumpet" was never breathed within these welcoming walls. Frederic Harrison was another of her friends, joining issue with her chiefly on the question of woman suffrage. And so, indeed, were most of the notable men and women of her period.

As an enthusiast both for her country and for those who ruled her country, no better propagandist than Mrs. Ward could have been chosen by the British Government to sum up "England's Effort" during the war. In her case it was not propaganda; she really felt the fervor and enthusiasm which she breathed into every page. Next perhaps to Philip Gibbs no one was more read during the days of the war and no one more appreciated. Her constant appearance in the public eye caused some misapprehension concerning her private character. She wrote novels that found a place on the shelves of every middle class home; she took a prominent position in politics; she did an immense work in providing recreation for thousands of London children. Yet with three definite strings in her life, she still found time for her private relationship. Freed by her daughter from all the cares of her household, she gave herself to her family and relations, to whom she was devoted and whom she helped when help was needed. So strongly did she feel the ties of relationship that she even made an allowance to a distant cousin at the other side of the world whom she had never seen but who, nevertheless, was of Arnold blood. It was much the same with her friends. It seems likely that her very outstanding figure, in which cleverness, pompousness, kindliness, and intense conviction were closely blended, will live, less by her gifts as novelist or social worker or politician, than by its very personality—an ample Victorian personality, a figure which, once the most liberal of its age, stood still long enough to become one of the most conservative.

The Constitution by Candlelight

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

COMMISSIONER PREISKEL, of the Passaic police, says that no public meeting can be held in Passaic without a permit, and that he must know who is scheduled to speak before he issues a permit. Captain Benjamin F. Turner, also of the Passaic police, says that permits are, in fact, asked only for meetings held by the Amalgamated Textile Workers of America.

Passaic is a wool town. Two-thirds of all the workers in Passaic are textile workers, and half of them work in seven big mills which economically, and some say politically, dominate Passaic. In any case, machinists' unions and carpenters' unions may meet freely, but the textile workers are rigidly required to secure permits, and the Polish organizer of the textile workers' union, Frank Lateviec, is not allowed to speak at all—or was not until he read the Constitution of the State of New Jersey by candlelight on the evening of March 23 last.

The Amalgamated Textile Workers, led in Passaic by a former minister, Cedric Long, who was prominent in the last strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts, were unable to discover any constitutional warrant for such police censorship, and the lawyers of the American Civil Liberties Union agreed that they had a right to hold meetings without permits. The Constitution of the State of New Jersey is clear enough on the point. It declares (Article 1, Section V) that "every person may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right. No law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press."

To test the right of free speech in New Jersey, the Textile Workers and the American Civil Liberties Union announced a joint meeting for Tuesday, March 23, in Schweighardt's Hall, in the north end of Passaic. Professor Harry F. Ward, of Union Theological Seminary, and the Rev. Norman Thomas were to speak. Commissioner Preiskel saw the announcement and stated that he would prevent the meeting. He said he thought he had the legal right to do so, but anyway he would introduce an ordinance at the meeting of the City Commissioners that afternoon making a police permit necessary before a meeting could be held.

Schweighardt's Hall had been let to the Amalgamated Textile Workers, but its proprietor informed Union officials

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that the police had told him he must not open his hall for any meeting whatever, and that, as a business man, he thought it would be better for him not to. Cedric Long quietly hired another hall, at the other end of Passaic. The crowd gathered at Schweighardt's Hall, and at 7.30 were given the tip to move across town—nearly a mile. By eight o'clock there were nearly 300 men in the second hall—a smaller one behind a saloon. Mathew Pluhar, a Czech, national treasurer of the Amalgamated Textile Workers, opened the meeting, introducing Norman Thomas, who started to read the Constitution of the State of New Jersey.

A white-collared man stepped out of the crowd, introduced himself as a detective, and announced that he had orders to "prevent the meeting at all hazards." Norman Thomas calmly continued his elucidation of the State Constitution. The white-collared detective insisted. Thomas interrupted his discourse to inform the officer that he intended to continue and was prepared to take the consequences. Would the officer arrest him? The officer said that would depend upon his "committing himself"; then retired to seek counsel from the Commissioner by telephone. Thomas passed on to an exposition of the nature of democracy.

Accompanied by six stout bluecoats, the detective returned ten minutes later and entered into conversation with the proprietor of the hall. He informed a bystander that the Commissioner had repeated his order to stop the meeting, but had instructed him to make no arrests. His first step was to order the proprietor to darken the hall. The proprietor at first refused, but was invited outside, and after a short private discussion with the police officer, turned out the lights. From the front of the black hall Thomas's voice boomed on, insisting that democracy meant nothing unless people could get together and discuss; and the audience sat still in the seats. The police officers informed the assembly (in the dark) that it was to break up. Nothing happened. Aided by pocket flashlights, they started to round the crowd up and push it toward the door, but found their work hampered by darkness. So the proprietor was persuaded to switch the lights on again.

The police then proceeded to separate the sheep from the goats. The sheep wore white collars; the goats colored collars. Three or four union organizers, the representatives of the press, the eight visitors from New York, the white-collared detectives, and half a dozen workers who evaded the cordon remained. The bulk of the textile workers were unceremoniously bullied into the street. They hung back, but were bunted out by husky police knees. The bluecoats threatened arrest, but when defied to make arrests and test their right to break up the meeting in the courts, they refused. While the police were shoving manfully at the door, Robert Dunn, assistant national organizer of the Amalgamated Textile Workers, opened a window and addressed the men in the street outside. But the police discovered him, locked both door and windows, and had the lights turned out again.

Meanwhile Norman Thomas had not ceased discussing democracy in New Jersey. Someone had produced candles, and the meeting, now thirty strong instead of three hundred, continued by candlelight. Walter Nelles, attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, read the opening sections of the State Constitution once more, loudly applauded by the small audience within, while the crowd still surging in the street outside responded with cheers and pounded on the windows. Albert DeSilver, also of the American Civil Liberties Union, repeated appropriate sections of the Constitution, directing his remarks particularly to the police. W. Lee Ustick, a New York settlement worker, followed. He, too, read the Constitution, the crowd outside still responding to the lusty cheers of those within. Dunn also read it. Louis Budenz repeated the performance. Professor Ward, who arrived late, having had difficulty in finding the meeting, and in getting in after he had found it, continued the candlelight drama.

Lateviec read the Constitution twice—in English and in Polish. According to Detective Sergeant S. L. Koren, of the Passaic police force, Lateviec is a dangerous man. He once said in a speech that the union was getting stronger every day and that "some day a red flag might wave over the City Hall of Passaic." "We arrested him for that," Koren told me, "and sent him to Ellis Island, but they let him out on bail. He's a very dangerous man." I asked if he was a member of the Communist Party, or of the I.W.W., or other proscript organizations. "No," said Koren, "but he thinks bad."

Lateviec had a carefully prepared speech written in Polish. The police do not permit speeches in foreign languages in Passaic, despite the facts that 65 per cent of the people of the city are foreign-born and a third of them do not understand English. Lateviec, a stolid little Pole with a heavy mustache, was introduced by the chairman, and began reading in Polish. Captain Turner appeared out of the surrounding gloom and faced him.

"Some time ago Commissioner Preiskel issued orders," he began, "that you were not to speak in this city. You are not a citizen of this country. I am warning you that you are not to speak."

Lateviec looked up, listened gravely, and, when Captain Turner had finished, stepped closer to the candle and resumed reading his Polish manuscript.

"Pull him down," ordered Turner, and a bluecoat yanked Lateviec off the platform. The attorneys of the American Civil Liberties Union, paper and pencil in hand, eagerly demanded the bluecoat's name and number.

The Constitution was read once or twice more by American-born citizens, and then Pluhar re-introduced Lateviec. Turner stepped into the candlelight again. He was evidently bored by his job. In the outer ring of darkness, several of the policemen had privately been apologizing to the spectators, explaining that they were merely doing as they were told. Captain Turner now signalled to Sergeant Koren. Koren addressed Lateviec. "You're goin' to stop ag'in," he pleaded, "so please quit." Lateviec did not quit, so he was pulled down a second time. Again the business of noting name and number.

Lateviec started in a third time. The police captain blew out his candle. Other candles were lit. Lateviec abandoned his own written speech and began to read the Constitution of the State of New Jersey. That stumped the police, and they held a consultation. Lateviec read the Constitution through, first in extremely bad English, then in Polish. So absorbed were the police in their consultation that they did not notice when he finished the Constitution and returned to his written speech. He was several pages further along when Koren made the fearsome discovery and vindicated the majesty of the forces of the law a third time by yanking the Pole off the stage. After a parley, however, the police agreed to permit Lateviec to read on to the end on two conditions: first, that he read from the floor, not the platform, and second, that Koren be permitted to translate as

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he went. The police were very particular about these safeguards of the State of New Jersey.

Dunn stood, like a statue of Liberty, holding the candle; Lateviec, close behind him, earnestly read from his manuscript, while Detective Sergeant Koren peered over his shoulder and translated, sentence by sentence. Captain Turner stood behind, arms folded, listening judicially to the translation to ascertain that no sedition was uttered, while Pluhar leaned down from the platform behind, occasionally disagreeing with Koren about the interpretation of some word or phrase. The rest of us, seated in the dark little hall behind the corner saloon, listened.

"Move we adjourn," called one of the policemen when the speech was finished. But Cedric Long insisted on a farewell address to the police, pointing out that, despite Commissioner Preiskel's orders, a meeting had been held, without a permit, and that Lateviec had spoken, and that the only disorder had been caused by the police. The lawyers announced that Lateviec would institute civil suit for assault to test the police right to interfere. Budenz led three cheers for the Constitution of the State of New Jersey, the lights were switched on, the candles blown out, and we left the hall. The crowd was still waiting outside.

Commissioner Preiskel announced next day that he was pushing his ordinance requiring permits for meetings. The Amalgamated Textile Workers and the American Civil Liberties Union announced that they would hold meetings until the Constitution of New Jersey was triumphant.

"Absolutely No Russian Policy"

By LINCOLN COLCORD

Washington, March 29

IF there has seemed any hope during the past few weeks that President Wilson might take the lead from England in the matter of the rectification of Russian policy, it is now clear that the hope is doomed to disappointment. Instead of striking out a policy of his own, based on true information, he evidently is much farther behind the march of the times than Lloyd George. In reply to the invitation of the Supreme Council to appoint an American delegate to the League of Nations Commission that is about to investigate Soviet Russia, Mr. Wilson made a counter-proposal, apparently for the purpose of demonstrating his independence. Certainly the proposal has no constructive value. It had no publicity at the time, but the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* speaks thus of it:

"America recognizes the necessity for trade relations with Russia, but it does not want relations with the Soviet Government. It proposes a conference March 20 where a joint course of action may be decided upon. The United States is prepared to withdraw its prohibition against trade with the Reds, if a concerted agreement can be reached, but would like to know what plans the Allied Governments have for preventing the circulation abroad of securities held unlawfully by the Soviets."

It is a pity we cannot have the full text of this document; it promises to be an interesting study in State Department sophistry. Since we cannot trade with Soviet Russia unless we recognize and use the trade machinery of the Soviet Government, the proposal entails the overturning of the Soviet Government, which gets us back where we started. It was our inability to overturn the Soviet Government which led us to consider the establishment of trade relations with Soviet Russia. All our diplomacy towards Russia these days is like another Alice in the Looking Glass, starting out boldly for the hill in plain view, and immediately afterwards finding itself walking in the front door. As for "securities unlawfully held by the Soviets," has it come to this, that we are to determine in bureaucratic council what is lawful and what is unlawful for Russia?

The Paris summary of our recent note reflects precisely the point of view to be met with at the State Department on every hand. A few weeks ago I had a brief talk about Russian policy with a responsible official there. I will give the conversation as I put it down immediately afterwards, in the form of questions and answers, the questions being mine:

Q. Is there any chance of a real change in Russian policy?

A. Well, the Allies have made us a proposition, and we are considering that.

Q. You mean, with regard to trading with Russia?

A. Yes, but I do not think much of their proposition.

Q. In what way do you object to it?

A. I think it would be better to throw Russian trade wide open, free to everyone. Let anyone go in there and trade as much as he likes—without our having anything to do with the Soviet Government, of course. We couldn't deal with their agents over here.

Q. But they won't permit private trading.

A. They will have to.

Q. There is no disposition, then, on the part of America to recognize the Soviet Government officially?

A. Oh, heavens, no! Why, that would be impossible. (Gives way to emotion.) You ought to see the stuff they are getting out daily, trying to overthrow our government. Why, it's shocking. I could show you a drawerful. They are devoting all their energies to that. What would be the sense of our treating with such people? We can't have anything to do with them. Would we recognize a South American republic, for instance, that spent all its time and energy trying to overthrow our government? Would you ask a man to dinner who had just been calling you foul names? No!

As I turned away he said, prompted by some impulse which I leave with the psychologists to explain: "But you understand, of course, that there is absolutely no Russian policy."

It caught me suddenly, and before I knew it I had laughed aloud. "Yes," I said, "I understand quite well that there is absolutely no Russian policy."

It is true that there is no government policy; but at present there are seven departmental Russian policies, in seven more or less distinct spheres of activity. Our Russian policy has become something of a seven-headed monster, a terrible duplication of a small evil, exhausting the land of its virtues, and requiring now for its destruction a very brave champion with a very sharp sword. Let us enumerate the seven heads of this monster.

1. The State Department, as shown above, wants trade with Russia but no recognition of the Russian Government. It will not deal with the agents of that government. It has been assisting Mr. Wade Ellis in his prosecution and persecution of Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, Soviet representative in America, before the Senate investigating committee. It still recognizes Boris Bakhmetieff as Russian Ambassador.

2. The War Department is willing to sell certain goods to the Soviet Bureau in New York. A month ago it accepted the bid of the Soviet Bureau for 100,000 pairs of shoes, but the transaction was recalled when publicity was given to the

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matter. Shortly after, an agent of the War Department called at the Soviet Bureau and solicited the purchase of large quantities of woolen goods. On top of this, the Department is now trying to sell Mr. Martens 200 Russian locomotives which aren't available for use anywhere else than in Russia. Mr. Martens has called at the War Department, at the War Department's request, to talk this matter over, and every facility is being given him to close the deal as soon as possible.

3. The War Trade Board still refuses to issue export licenses to Russia.

4. The Department of Justice was reported to be looking for Mr. Martens with a deportation warrant before the Senate investigating committee had taken him into its custody, and has announced in the press that it will arrest and deport him the moment the investigation is over. If, as had been reported, the warrant for Mr. Martens's arrest has been issued by the Department of Labor, still another branch of the government has been drawn in, and we have an eighth departmental fragment of Russian policy.

5. The Senate sub-committee of the Foreign Relations Committee, by serving its papers first on Mr. Martens, placed itself in opposition to the Department of Justice; and it may rightly be said that the action of this committee defeated the intentions of the Department.

6. The Treasury Department, having under its jurisdiction the remnants of our Russian loan of the Kerensky period, still deals with Boris Bakhmeteiff as Ambassador of Russia.

7. Last but not least, in human values, the Shipping Board comes forward with a little Russian policy all its own. There was a ship loaded with flour last month in Baltimore. She was a Shipping Board vessel. She was bound for the Murmansk coast. While she was running down the Chesapeake, word came that the Murmansk region had been occupied by the Reds—which, in practical as opposed to diplomatic language, means that the people of the Murmansk region had set up their own government and declared for the Soviets. The vessel was held up in great haste at Norfolk, and the flour unloaded. No American flour for the Reds! Whether you shall have flour or not depends altogether on what you say you believe.

As for the Congressional side of the slate, the opportunity which the Republicans embraced to rectify our Russian policy along constructive lines when they opened up the Soviet Bureau investigation six weeks ago apparently is to be permitted to go begging. The case waits for more sincere purposes and more competent hands.

In the meantime, the German situation overshadows the question of Russian policy, and is destined to lend new point to our failure to estimate and cope with economic developments in the East. Germany seems about to pass into the throes of a communist revolution. As Raymond Swing has outlined in his dispatches to the *Sun and New York Herald*, the division is plain between the militarists on the one hand and the workers on the other. If we take action in Germany, it can only be on the side of the militarists; in other words, having knocked the Kaiser over, we would try to set him up again. The more likely result would be that a clamor would go up from Congress for the withdrawal of all American troops. And the rectification of Russian policy, which is the only salvation of Europe, if not of the world, will be held in abeyance and subjected to fresh and puzzling complications.

In the Driftway

TO hear a modern politician discuss almost anything makes one smile, but to hear him discuss seamanship turns one inside out with laughter. The gentlemen of the Congress of these United States, for instance, have lately been debating the propriety of reducing the training-time of an able-bodied seaman in the merchant marine from three years to nine months. To be more exact, they have been considering the minimum sea experience necessary before allowing a man to become an officer. For, if truth be told, that is all they, or the shipping interests that are agitating the question, are interested in. The modern method at sea, as on shore, is to train a few men for the top, regardless that the great mass of workers at the base have neither preparation nor incentive for honest and intelligent craftsmanship.

* * * * *

NOW the masterful ignorance of seamanship possessed by the average Congressman is enough to shiver the timbers of even a very unseasoned salt. All that Representative Smith of the Cabbage Patch or Senator Jones of the Iron Works know of the briny deep is what they have learned from voting on the rivers and harbors appropriation bill, or taking a Sunday afternoon excursion boat from the Battery to Coney Island. They don't know a rope-yarn from a piece of marline, or the cook's galley from the lazaret. The sight of a well-filled bathtub is enough to spoil their appetite, they are seasick crossing the Mississippi River on a suspension bridge, and a trip by ferryboat from Philadelphia to Camden is enough to set them singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

* * * * *

HOW can these men be expected to know that seamanship is the most complicated of all the trades and that a real sailor is the best all-around mechanic in the world? The old saying has it that a sailor must know how to "hand, reef, and steer," but behind this simple formula is a vast minutiae of theory, fact, and experience. There is a vocabulary to be mastered equivalent to learning a foreign language, and a knowledge to be acquired of every little thread and pin of that wonderful mechanism which is a ship—how to operate, repair, and replace each part. The British law used to require four years' sea service before one could go up for his second mate's ticket—the lowest rung of the officers' ladder, or shall one say the first ratl'ne of the officers' shrouds? Owing to the exigencies of the war, the period was reduced to three years. Under our existing law one must have spent three years on deck (only two, if in steamships) before he can present himself at the "'Stom House" for an examination for the bridge.

* * * * *

IT is a mistake to suppose that the substitution of the steamship for the windjammer has lessened the degree of skill called for in a seaman; such is no more true than that the steamship has destroyed the romance of the sea. Just as the steamship has created a new kind of romance, so it calls for its own kind of skill. It is undeniable that the men who ship as ordinary and able-bodied seamen on our modern passenger liners are often little more than the "deck hands" which the first cabin calls them, but that is only because much of the work demanding skill and re-

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sponsibility has been specialized out of their hands into those of the quartermasters and other persons. Before one becomes an officer he should know this work. The training-ship, as a means of educating an officer, is all right—at least for part of the time—but it should not be used as a means of reducing the apprenticeship, except in emergencies. As well shorten the course in our medical colleges—or in the Naval Academy at Annapolis—from four years to nine months as graduate a youth in that time from the forec'sle to the bridge of the merchant marine. Tut, tut, gentlemen of the Congress! There is no royal road to seamanship any more than there is to mathematics.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Insolvency of Europe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In spite of Mr. Prentiss's high position and standing, there are many of us who will take exception to his remarks in your issue of February 28, anent "Europe's Insolvency." A man's credit rating is generally based on three things: first, his balance sheet; second, his ability and willingness to work, and third, his trade reputation.

Take the case of France. France has as assets a very highly developed and in many instances a very efficient industrial machine. In certain lines, for instance textiles, she occupies a commanding place, and in the silk industry this machine is unimpaired; in fact she increased her output and exports in this line during the war years. M. René Pupin gives the following figures of exports:

	In millions of francs		
	Average, 1909 to 1913	1915	1916
Fabrics of silk and silk floss	360	348	496
Silk and silk floss.....	197	122	140
	557	470	636

France further has as assets a very highly trained and efficient mass of workers, a very fine financial organization, and colonies that in extent are twenty times greater than continental France, that have a population of more than fifty millions, and whose natural resources are equal, probably, to those of the United States.

As liabilities she has outstanding war loans amounting to twenty-five billions of francs, of which twenty-three to twenty-four are held by Great Britain and the United States. She has, furthermore, an accumulated trade balance and commitments that in 1919 amounted to about thirty billions of francs, but from which must be deducted that portion which was and has been financed either by time credits or by the sale of French-owned foreign securities.

In reference to the French ability and willingness to work: During the years 1872 to 1913, France accumulated about fifty billions of francs of foreign securities and beside this, every year except six, 1872, '73, '74, '75, 1904, and 1905, she had an adverse trade balance, and every year except four, 1873, 1890, 1896, and 1898, she *imported* gold and specie. In the last year before the war the total of her importations, in gold, specie, and goods, amounted to about two billions of francs. When we consider that her foreign investments are bound to be in increasing amounts each year, under normal conditions, it is safe to figure that in 1913 she absorbed from two to three billions of francs of these securities. This would make it seem that France was able, under normal conditions, to pay off her foreign debts at the rate of from four to five billions of francs each year. To this must be added, however, a large, if uncertain, amount that will result from the industrial and natural development of her colonies, which is certain to take place in an intensive manner, and another large, if uncertain, amount that will accrue from the placing of her industries on a more modern and highly productive basis.

In reference to French reputation and trade history, a perusal of Lavasseur's "Histoire du Commerce de la France" will give an insight to her recoveries from the threatened bankruptcy that followed the reigning influence of the Medicis; that faced Henri IV and his Minister, "The Great Sully"; after the Consulate; after the disastrous trade wars with England, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy; and after the Franco-Prussian War.

There can be no variance from Mr. Prentiss's conclusions that it is a patriotic duty and a financial necessity to help France put her industrial machine in order by supplying her with raw materials and with the "tools of industry," on such credit as we are able to give, but there can be no agreement by those who are informed that there is danger of the repudiation of her debts or that bankruptcy threatens.

In the case of Germany, however, a wholly different set of conditions faces us. If we assume that the peace treaty as drawn will be carried out, an assumption that is by no means safe, it will be impossible for Germany to continue to be an industrial nation. For the treaty states that the amount of indemnities will be the total of Germany's surplus earnings for thirty years or thereabouts. But without the ability to keep even a portion of these earnings, there wont be any. Thus Germany will not be able to rehabilitate herself as a world trading power, and her population will perforce dwindle to such size as she can support by the products of her own fields, mines, etc. That is to say, if the peace treaty is enforced as written, Germany will again become a strictly agrarian country. And this is held in many quarters, especially in France, as a very desirable end, and as the only reasonable protection against another war. So very possibly Germany is bankrupt. But France, never.

Italy is, as a unified nation, only forty or fifty years old. She has not the centuries of national history and patriotism behind her that France and Belgium have, and many things could happen there that could not happen in France. However, if Italy were given assistance promptly, there is no doubt that she will hold together and emerge from this unsettled state, strong, conservative, and united.

New York, March 4 A. W. BETTS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the drawbacks to the rehabilitation of the European countries is the reactionary psychology of their upper classes, or, if I may so express it, the insolvency of their ideals. The pre-war justification for a rich man's existence was his capacity and liberality as a consumer of labor's toil, and the present generation will not readily adjust itself to the conception that the only justification for wealth is its use for the public good.

The world still has abundant resources, and man's inventions are his handmaids. His productive power was never greater than today. Leaving the question of necessary credits to the professionals of finance, I suggest that man must learn to discriminate between the production of creative wealth, which makes for the betterment of the race, and that of paralytic or artificial wealth which generally caters to man's egotism. In one sense, the state of war is less abnormal than the state of peace in this complex and haphazard civilization of ours. In the former state the spirit of coöperation develops more spontaneously, and the test of necessity is more rigidly applied to production. For instance, in war the perfection of the high-powered gears of the motor car is sought, while the protecting coat of paint receives no undue attention. Instead of the twenty coats of varnish and much laborious sandpapering laid on in peace times by highly-paid mechanics, unskilled women apply two coats of paint and the car is then ready for use.

America, standing today as the possible arbiter of the destinies of the world, must turn the searchlight on her own short-

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comings, or civilization—such as we know it—will be smashed to pieces by the magnificent but misapplied gains of its own past. This conviction never came to me with greater force than when I stood one night in early winter before the glittering splendors of the Great White Way. After a three years' sojourn in Europe, where the common people have been ground in the war god's mill and are now in the fierce grip of the coal famine, it was repellent to think that the commercialized chiefs of industry throughout the breadth of this favored land were consuming thousands of tons of the earth's precious stores in a senseless display of rivalry.

A century ago inflation cut the Napoleonic debts in two, and while the investor might have thought himself wronged, it paved the way for the rehabilitation of Europe. If deflation favors the salaried man—provided his job does not slip away from him in the general policy of retrenchment—it certainly favors the drone and the parasite as well.

Let the college men and the intellectuals of the country heed the hint dropped by Speaker Gillette. Let them outline and follow a program of simple and unostentatious living which will stimulate truly creative production. And when our democratic ideals, as viewed from this angle, have improved, we may be better fitted to lead Europe out of the chaos in which dynastic pride and ancient tribal hatreds have plunged her.

Manhattan State Hospital, February 28 H. D. J.

"Americanizing" Americans

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The writer is the wife of a man whose ancestors fought in the American Revolution, one of them being imprisoned by the British King for his activities before the War of Independence. The writer had ancestors in the Revolution and a chapter of the D. A. R. is named for a woman ancestor who carried messages for Washington. Her grandfather fought in the Civil War at Gettysburg and her brother is a veteran of the late war and spent nine months in France.

Sunday afternoon, February 29, a Federal officer and seven city policemen raided the quarters of the Warren Industrial Workers of the World, of which my husband is a member. The raid was remarkable for the filthy and obscene language used by the Federal officer, who claimed to be a graduate of Harvard.

After the raid, the officer entered the home of my husband's mother and searched my own room and my husband's rooms without a warrant and over the protests of the members of the family, departing hastily when an attorney was called, remarking that he had got some things he wanted anyway. Because we protested, he threatened to call a squad of policemen, break down the doors, and take the whole family to the police station in the patrol wagon. My husband's mother is eighty-seven years old and is honored and loved in this community.

We pointed out to the agent that he was violating our constitutional rights in searching our home without a warrant. Is this the way for agents of a great government to act? Cannot they refrain from foul language and conduct themselves in a lawful and dignified manner?

Warren, Ohio, March 3 Mildred C. Smith

A Dangerous Character

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A few days ago in a certain city in Texas two policemen arrested a man whom they suspected of being a red. They searched him and found the following typewritten document in his inside coat pocket: "That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

The two officers after scanning this document seized the suspected man by the arms and began to drag him towards the jail. The man seeing that resistance was useless, cried out: "Hold on, men! I did not write that—that is Thomas Jefferson's writing!" The larger of the two policemen glared at the prisoner, grasped his night stick fiercely, and just before letting it fall on the doomed man's head, shouted, "Where the hell is this Jefferson? We want him too!"

Guthrie, Oklahoma, March 14 Guy Williamson

Democracy—Industrial and Political

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Certain citizens in the United States have come to be excluded from the protection of the law. They are those who advocate a change in our industrial system. They are branded with the same unlovely names as were the Abolitionists who desired a change in the industrial system seventy years ago. But a new and remarkable development now appears. The Government takes a hand and accuses these men and women who wish to change the present industrial system of plotting "to overthrow the Government."

The question for us to ask ourselves is: Why should our Government declare itself to be the capitalist system? These "agitators" are entirely right in not desiring to overthrow the Government. If they can secure democracy in industry, the government question will take care of itself. And democracy in industry seems to be their object and aim.

New York, January 15 James Peter Warbasse

Wet Seas and Wetter Shores

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I notice in tonight's paper that because of prohibition thousands are leaving the country for wetter shores. Talk about worthwhile deportation!

Cincinnati, March 12 Elihu Starrels

Contributors to This Issue

Max Hirschberg is a lawyer of Munich.

M. A. Goldzieher, formerly professor of pathology at the University of Budapest, was appointed Under-Secretary in the Ministry of Health in the Karolyi Government, and held this office through the Soviet régime. He is now in exile at Vienna.

William Henry Chamberlin is a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune*.

Eva Vajkai is an agent of the American Relief Committee for Hungarian Sufferers.

Muriel Harris is an English journalist, visiting America as a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*.

Eugene S. Bagger is a New York journalist who has intimate knowledge of Hungary.

Joseph Jastrow is professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin.

Isaac R. Pennypacker is a historical writer who has long contributed reviews to *The Nation*.

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Doubt No More That Oberon

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Doubt no more that Oberon—
Never doubt that Pan
Lived, and played a reed, and ran
After nymphs in a dark forest,
In the merry, credulous days—
Lived, and led a fairy band
Over the indulgent land!
Ah, for in this dourest, sorest
Age man's eye has looked upon,
Death to fauns and death to fays,
Still the dogwood dares to raise—
Healthy tree, with trunk and root—
Ivory bowls that bear no fruit,
And the starlings and the jays,
Birds that cannot even sing,
Dare to come again in spring!

Books

The Scapegoat of Europe

Nationalities in Hungary. By André de Hevesy. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

THE chief merit of this little book is that it emphasizes the need of an adequate account in English of the nationality problem in Hungary written from the standpoint of Magyar democracy. Existing books dealing with that problem can be divided, largely, into two groups. To the first belong the works of the champions of the "oppressed races," of whom the editor of the *New Europe*, Mr. R. W. Seton-Watson, is by far the most competent. He writes with a vast technical knowledge, but from a one-sided point of view. Nationality, for him, is the only test and remedy. Failing to consider economic determinants, he ignores the all-important fact that the Magyar Junker oppressed and exploited the Magyar working class and peasantry with the same zeal as the Slovaks, Rumanians, and Serbo-Croats. This limitation of outlook, and not any conscious bias, is at the bottom of his manifest unfairness toward the Magyars. The other, numerically much smaller, group consists of the apologies and advertising circulars of the Magyar ruling class. Mr. Seton-Watson and some of his followers have told the truth, but not the whole truth. The Magyar apologists who eulogized the corrupt oligarchy of the Tiszas, Apponyis, and Szterenyis as a paradise of justice and liberalism have mostly told lies pure and simple.

Between these two extremes of special pleading the genuine interests of the Magyar people remained unchampioned. What was needed was an exposition of Hungarian conditions which, while sympathetic to the national claims of Slavs and Rumanians, would disclose the fact, only casually hinted at by Mr. Seton-Watson and altogether concealed or denied by the Slav and Rumanian propagandists, that neither being oppressed nor fighting oppression was an exclusive privilege of Slovaks, Serbo-Croats, and Rumanians.

Mr. Hevesy's book does not fill the bill. Of all the qualities required it possesses only one, a fair point of view. It is the work of a sincere democrat and liberal. Unfortunately, it is also the work of an unskilled if erudite amateur. But whatever its shortcomings, the spirit of the volume deserves the sympathy and admiration of Americans. It was written by a Magyar in the hour of supreme crisis; it was published at a moment when Hungary's Calvary was being consummated. Nevertheless, it contains no trace of bitterness toward the non-Magyar races whose revolt and technical treason were largely responsible for Hungary's catastrophe. Mr. Hevesy is positively friendly to Slovak, Serb, and Rumanian aspirations.

This spirit of Mr. Hevesy's book cannot be the result of isolated individual conversion. It must have a background and root in the mentality and aspirations of Young Hungary. It is, in fact, the spirit of the first Hungarian revolution, that of October, 1918, which, under the leadership of Count Michael Karolyi and Oscar Jaszi, dethroned the Hapsburgs, established the people's republic, and disbanded the army. It is the spirit which for the past twenty years has been propagated by the new school of Magyar intellectuals: by Oscar Jaszi and his circle in their excellent monthly review *Huszadik Szazad;* by Julius Pikler, the jurist and philosopher, in his university lectures; by Ignotus-Veigelsberg, Ady, Lukacs, Hatvany, Desider Szabo, and the whole host of young writers, poets, and journalists grouped around the brilliant review *Nyugat* and the great radical daily *Vilag*. The doctrines of the new democracy—equal rights and opportunities for every citizen of Hungary, regardless of race, language, class, religion, or sex; destruction of feudalism and thoroughgoing land reform; and abandonment of the vicious myth of "Magyar hegemony"—were inscribed on their banner. It is the spirit that before and during the war fought ceaselessly the Prussian alliance and the ruling clique of Prussianized Junkers. It is the spirit which not even the Horthy-Huszar-Friedrich gang of White Guards can break.

The solution advocated by Mr. Hevesy—the reorganization of Hungary into autonomous cantons, each having the idiom of its majority for official language—was the ideal one six years ago. Today it is obsolete; the Danubian egg cannot be unscrambled. The political and economic salvation of the Magyar people, however, can still be adequately secured in an alliance with Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia. That the neighboring democracies—whose economic coöperation is a very condition of life for Hungary—refuse to deal with the present régime of White terrorists, should be the supreme encouragement of Magyar democrats.

EUGENE S. BAGGER

The Problem of Taxation

Taxation in the New State. By J. A. Hobson. London: Methuen and Company; New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THE belligerent nations have now to settle down to pay for the war. This country alone can afford to contemplate the immediate future without undue anxiety. It has become the great creditor nation of the world. Great Britain, hitherto a creditor, has become a debtor. She has a war debt of something like seven thousand million pounds; much of this she owes outside her own frontiers, and as she has largely disposed of her foreign securities, she has to pay interest to outside creditors in excess of her income from outside debtors. She has also to provide a sinking fund for the indebtedness; she has further to obtain a good deal of new revenue to meet the expenditure upon pensions and upon projects of social repair and development. It looks as though an annual revenue of eight hundred million pounds will have to be found; and in raising this she is facing a serious handicap in the heavy increase in the cost of living.

Of British economists the more conservative sort look chiefly to an elaboration of existing tax devices; but men like Mr. J. A. Hobson, Professor Pigou, Mr. Sidney Webb, Sir George Paish, Dr. Stamp, and others are working upon a new philosophy of taxation which will be in effect a revolution of the existing order. It is with this revolution that Mr. Hobson's book has to do; and though the setting of his discussion is British, the principles which Mr. Hobson enunciates have their importance for American economists.

The British system of taxation is a chaotic collection of unrelated expedients for raising money. Like every system which has grown by accretions dictated by the contingencies of passing

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moments, it possesses no underlying philosophy. There is a broad distinction between direct and indirect taxation; and this is all. Mr. Hobson undertakes a two-fold task—first to define and to establish a principle of taxation which shall reduce the present chaos to some sort of unity and produce a steady adequate revenue in the years to come; and then to indicate a method of immediately reducing the annual obligation to a point consistent with a reasonable standard of taxation.

Mr. Hobson first inquires into the nature of true taxable wealth, wealth that has "ability to bear" taxation. It is clear that that portion of income which is necessary to the full productive efficiency of the persons who live by it has no "ability to pay," for the moment this part of income is taxed the productive power of the persons concerned is reduced; and it is essential at all times, and especially at this time, that productivity should be maintained at the highest possible level. For this reason Mr. Hobson would abolish all indirect taxation; for, being chiefly imposed upon foodstuffs, it is taxation imposed upon that part of the income upon which maximum productivity depends. It is moreover to be urged against indirect taxation that it bears most heavily upon low incomes, chiefly the incomes of the workers.

The author has no difficulty in showing that indeed all forms of taxation at last resolve themselves into taxes upon income. Whatever the source of wealth may be upon which they are imposed, the tax falls soon or late upon somebody's income. So Mr. Hobson would lay down the principle that taxation should be upon income, but that the portion of the income which he describes as "costs," the expenditure for productive efficiency, should be exempt. The tax will therefore fall upon surplus income; and apart from death and succession duties and one or two other minor imposts, Mr. Hobson looks to a graduated tax upon surplus income to provide virtually the whole of the national revenue.

But to provide the revenue required at the present time, the income tax would have to be fixed at a point so high as to be intolerable and disastrous—it would probably have to be somewhere between eight and ten shillings in the pound. Mr. Hobson has therefore to find some method of reducing the present capital indebtedness to a manageable point. Two proposals are discussed, between which Mr. Hobson does not appear to pronounce decisively, though his leanings are plainly toward the second. The first project is a levy on war-made wealth. This Mr. Hobson justifies on the ground that war-made wealth is in a sense ill-gotten gain. It has been made possible by ill-conceived and sloppy Government finance during the country's emergency; and to recover this wealth for the public purse is only the tardy reparation of a wrong done to the nation, and a correction of past Government blundering. But there are difficulties in the way of ascertaining and collecting such a levy; and this appears to turn Mr. Hobson's judgment in favor of a smaller, more general levy upon all accumulated capital. A levy amounting to one-fifth of the total capital wealth of the country would wipe off half the war indebtedness. This would reduce the debt to a manageable size and obviate the necessity of screwing up the income tax. Of the ways and means of ascertaining the taxable capital and of collecting the levy, Mr. Hobson does not say as much as one would like. But he is dealing primarily with principle rather than with practice.

It is emphatically insisted upon that a levy on capital can only be justified by a great emergency, such an emergency as now confronts Great Britain. Such a device cannot figure as a normal element in national finance. But it is also laid down with equal emphasis that a capital levy is in no sense repudiation, any more than an income tax is highway robbery. It might bear some color of repudiation if it were directed only to war bonds; but it is to be raised upon all kinds of capital property. Just as sound taxing principles demand that ordinary revenue shall be raised by a tax on income, so a capital indebtedness may in an emergency be met by a capital levy.

R. R.

Remaking a Mind

The Remaking of a Mind. By Henry de Man. Charles Scribner's Sons.

M. DE MAN'S book is notable as a record of the keen reflections of an intellectualist soldier, and the conclusions of a constructive socialist. On either count it stands forth from the ordinary run of war books as a superior contribution. To these distinctions it adds that of a convincing psychological analysis; and psychologists about as truly as poets, and no more so, are born as well as trained. M. de Man came to the war with an unusual background. By birth a Belgian of the favored class, his studies and his sympathies made him a protagonist of the new order—a socialist in a true if non-political sense. Equally by conviction he was and remains a pacifist in the authentic and not the libellous use of that abused word. He confesses—possibly over-confesses—that nationality meant little to him; he set himself to be an internationalist, studied at German and French as well as Belgian universities, learned to speak and write French, German, and English with proven facility, while his mother-tongue is Flemish. Cosmopolitanism he holds in slight repute; he cites the keen criticism of a fellow-Belgian who dubbed the sentiment "Kellnerism" after the ubiquity of the German waiter. M. de Man distinguishes thus: "To the cosmopolitan all countries look alike. To the internationalist the world is a wonderful living mosaic, deriving its beauty from the infinite variety of national coloring." He describes himself as at once a French patriot, a German patriot, an English patriot, more generically as a European patriot. August 1, 1914, found him hurrying from Brussels to Paris to meet with a select committee of French and German socialists in a desperate if vain attempt to array the socialists in an international protest against the war. On August 3 he enlisted for the front. There was no conflict in the decision. The Hamlet in him was overruled by the Fortinbras. His impulse reacted vigorously to the sentiment (he refers the statement to a Chinese child) that "Belgium is not a road but a country." To him the issue was clear, whatever the official socialist opinion upon the iniquity of capitalists or the futility of war; it was possible to draw a distinction between the aggressor and the victim of aggression, and that was enough.

To assume that an intellectualist fought in cold blood is itself an intellectualist fallacy. The intellectual socialist confesses to the sweep of elemental impulses which war brings and requires, hatred and revenge among them. Fusing with the blind instincts are the social reënforcements which sustain a sense of duty; ethical motives are secondary. Like all honest soldiers he admits the presence of "funk"; one combats it with the most effective of one's mental resources. Discipline is the common antidote; and for the common man habit and anger serve amply. The more sophisticated count upon the reserves of a sense of leadership and responsibility. But face to face with the reality the impulses conquer and bring all to a common plane. True remorse often followed in him and others; "but I also know that the majority of men have felt the ecstasy of killing *without* this sense of contrition."

By 1916 the reflective mood had returned, and the satisfaction had gone out of his work as a liaison officer in the British army. He volunteered for trench-mortar work in order to get back to his men in the thick of the fray. But his intellectual salvation came by way of two events. President Wilson's address of January 22, 1917, supplied the conviction that the fruits of the war would be worthy of the sacrifice; the Russian Revolution dispelled the nightmare that in aiding Russia one was supporting an autocracy even worse than that of Prussia. Both promised the death-knell of secret diplomacy, and the diplomatic muddling of the world's affairs. (What M. de Man's reactions are in April, 1920, is an interesting speculation.) A visit to Russia resulted in the distrust of any movement, whether from above or below, that lacked the true spirit of

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democracy. Then came the visit to America, which he hails as the land of true freedom, despite our faults.

M. de Man's story presents in a graphic manner the conflict of temperamental impulses with the guidance of conduct by ideas and ideals. It shows how the policies of men are transformed in the crucible of reality, particularly in the hard crucible of war. It is not the story of the abandonment of principles but of their reconstruction. Right may emerge superior to might; but reality is pretty certain to emerge superior to theories. Private and public wisdom consists in the rational adjustment of realities to principles, with no diminution of the truth that the determination of progress comes from the inspiration of morally formulated ends. Not fools but wise men will continue to contend for forms of government, recognizing the congeniality of form and substance. M. de Man's idealization of the American mind results from a too complimentary acceptance of profession for reality. Our unskilled handling of unpopular doctrines bears abundant witness to the rough and ready impatience with distinctions wherein true wisdom lies.

JOSEPH JASTROW

La Fayette Again

The True La Fayette. By George Morgan. J. B. Lippincott Company.

IN a footnote to the preface of this new biography of La Fayette the author prints a letter from the private secretary of General Pershing saying that the words spoken by the Commander of the American Expeditionary Forces at the tomb of La Fayette were "La Fayette, we are here." The words justify the bringing forth in this country of another biography of the French apostle of democracy. Mr. Charlemagne Tower's judicial study of La Fayette, after access to documents in France not before used, will not be displaced by Mr. Morgan's book, though the latter is the more in accord with the democratic swing of the present day. It is not La Fayette the general or La Fayette as an administrator, but La Fayette the life-long sympathizer with human liberty that appeals most strongly to Mr. Morgan. The story of La Fayette's career in America and France is here told with complete appreciation of its romantic and tragic environment. For treating such a theme Mr. Morgan's picturesque style is admirably adapted. It detracts nothing from his method that he draws upon so many associated matters, near and remote. It was Richard Henry Stoddard who wrote that in Longfellow's poetry everything was like something else. Possibly it is in deference to the eighteenth amendment to our national Constitution that the association suggested to Mr. Morgan by the church La Chaise Dieu and the Abbey of Benedictines is Tasso's celebration of the departure of the Count of Toulouse for the Holy Land, and not the alcoholic product by which the name of the Abbey has been best known to American club members.

It cannot be said that Mr. Morgan imparts to the reader any very clear idea of La Fayette's measure as a man in force of character or mental ability. Possibly the author's sympathy with the worldwide spread of democracy and the equivalent human liberty has brought to his pages an almost unconscious recognition of the possibility that the world is caring less and less for force of character and ability; that in accordance with Henry Adams's thought, energy is being diffused among the masses, who may wish to do without leaders, and that corresponding with this process, the most highly valued men may be those of a type widely different from the Alexanders, Napoleons, and Bismarcks of the past.

With something of McMaster's well-known method Mr. Morgan quotes impartially from La Fayette's apologists and his critics. As is the case in so many long-debated historical occurrences, perhaps no certain conclusion can be reached as to whether a different line of conduct on the part of La Fayette would have brought about more satisfactory results in France, for the simple reason that other methods cannot be put to the proof. But Mr. Morgan does make plain that the love of liberty, which brought La Fayette to the fields of Brandywine, Monmouth, and Yorktown, continued with him to the end of life, a deep instinct which governed his acts and which at times gave his actions or failure to act the appearance of weakness.

With much industry Mr. Morgan has focussed the scores of lights that have been turned upon La Fayette in America and Europe, and his book is marked both by the diligence with which he has brought together his material and the unusual skill and charm with which he has shaped his narrative. The usual number of typographical errors are present, two of them conspicuous in a book published in Pennsylvania. The name of David Ramsay, the early historian, a native of Pennsylvania, and that of Governor Pennypacker are not correctly printed.

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER

Hamlet Without a Character

Hamlet: An Historical and Comparative Study. By Elmer Edgar Stoll. The University of Minnesota.

SIGNS are not wanting that the Coleridgean interpretation of Hamlet as a chronic dreamer incapable of action is about to be returned to Germany whence it came. Though still popular in schools and on the stage, it has long been discredited among scholars, and indeed it is difficult to see how it could survive a simple, unprepossessed reading of the text, where Hamlet's promptitude in all actions save the one of his revenge is abundantly manifest. The tendency of present criticism is to lean in the opposite direction and, instead of merely refuting a false interpretation of Hamlet's character, to urge that Shakespeare was not interested in analyzing human nature but in putting on the boards a congeries of dramatic situations, artfully concealing the resultant inconsistencies in his hero's motives. Professor Stoll, for instance, is frankly skeptical of the effort to harmonize Hamlet's character on psychological principles. He is concerned rather with the realistic investigation of how Shakespeare's audience understood the tragedy, as far as this may be discerned from the conventions of contemporary revenge-plays and from the comments, scanty and ambiguous as they are, of seventeenth and early eighteenth century critics. His results afford a wholesome check to introspective and romantic criticism, and may be accepted as the starting-point for a reasoned consideration of Shakespeare's intentions.

For dramatic purposes the traditional story of Hamlet offered difficulties to tax the skill of the playwright. The duty of revenge for a dear father murdered was to be made clear in the first act and consummated in the fifth; between these points the revenger was to do nothing germane to his purpose except to ward off the attacks of his adversaries. Two ways of handling the story were open: the dramatist might either explain the inactivity of the protagonist on grounds of character, in which case the play would center on the inward struggle of Hamlet with his own weakness, or he might use all his art to slur over the difficulty and keep the attention of the audience so riveted on external events that they would never ask for an explanation of the hero's delay.

That Shakespeare adopted the latter expedient, Professor Stoll finds, was the current view of the earlier critics. Not until 1784, when sentimental romantic doctrines were beginning to prevail, did anyone suggest the possibility of a tragic weakness in Hamlet's character. To a critic like James Drake (1699) the play was simply an example of "the admirable distribution of Poetick Justice," and his opinion was supported by the consensus of earlier criticism. This conception, Professor Stoll contends, was nearer the spirit of Shakespeare's art than the theories of psychologizing critics; and such a conception, moreover, would align the play with the revenge-tragedy of Shakespeare's time, when playwrights like Kyd and Marston were clearly using the Sene-

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can form, not for the exposition of character, but as a vehicle for melodramatic incident. Shakespeare's purpose, then, as his audience would understand it, was to show a hero *sans peur et sans reproche* acting as the instrument of God's revenge against murder, and the ethical point of the play lay in the punishment of the guilty by the recoiling of their stratagems upon their own heads.

Some such dramatic exhibition as this, we may admit without question, Shakespeare's audience expected to see when they went to a revenge-play. It is no doubt still possible to see in "Hamlet" merely sound and fury. But though Professor Stoll places some difficulties in the way of those who would accept such a psychological explanation of Hamlet's delay as Professor Bradley's, it is more difficult still to think of Shakespeare's greatest tragedy as merely a bit of dramaturgy, a heightened and more skilful example of what Kyd and Marston wrought. Why, for instance, should Shakespeare trouble himself and his audience with Hamlet's soliloquies unless these vivid and insistent representations of despair, bewilderment, and self-reproach were integrally connected with the action of the play? Why, if Hamlet is a blameless hero, should he, after he has let slip his golden opportunity to kill the king at prayer, utter that agonized cry upon the second apparition of the ghost:

> Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
> That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
> The important acting of your dread command?

And how, finally, are we to explain the consistent popularity of "Hamlet," when the works no less melodramatic with which Professor Stoll associates it soon passed into oblivion, unless on the supposition that this alone of Elizabethan revenge-plays based the action squarely on the character of the hero, and revealed his tragic strength and weakness, dramatically if not verbally, in terms that have not missed the mark from Shakespeare's day to this?

GEORGE F. WHICHER

Poetry Prattlings

New Voices. By Marguerite Wilkinson. The Macmillan Company.

PEOPLE who do not like gilliflowers in their gardens or hybrid forms of literature should have died before Mr. Luther Burbank and Miss Amy Lowell were born. Combination of species is the order of the day. Among other literary hybrids the anthology crossed with criticism has gained a vogue. Ever since Miss Lowell's "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" showed how critical coloring matter might be blended with the stimulant of select lyrics to make a popular concoction, books of a similar type have tumbled from the press. Later compiling critics, however, in being less conscious of a cause than Miss Lowell have missed the piquant force of advocacy, and in attempting to improve upon her plan by being more inclusive have invited readers to comparatively aimless excursions.

As a conductor of sightseers Mrs. Wilkinson has a good deal of the technique of the man with the megaphone without his stentorian conciseness. She overflows with information. Facts are at her pen's point. She can name the ardent and unselfish soul who first began to "work for poetry" and tell the place and year of the poetic revival. If she has not time to settle the vexed question of rhythm, she can refer to a book which does. In fact, her happy power of ignoring intricacies leaves nothing obscure. Distinctions do not trouble her. Line in her nature is not found. Oratory and poetry, she announces casually, are the same, or at least the province of oratory has been annexed by poets, for, as she tells us, Mr. Masters's "Draw the Sword, O Republic" is "powerful, resonant speech, and, since the modern conception of poetry has been enlarged to include such speech, it is indubitably poetry." Usually, however, Mrs. Wilkinson is elaborate rather than casual in proclaiming the Pan-poetic propaganda.

Though the method of the book is disorderly, the substance of it demands a better word. Mrs. Wilkinson is at least aware of the futility of attempting a decisive judgment of contemporary writing, and while her conservative taste offset by her radical opinions prevents her from whole-hearted advocacy of any one school of poetry, she has visited all the schools and is able to recount lively impressions of each. She has heard all pleas with sympathy and repeats them accurately. One meets with sound timber in the thicket of her phrases: "Symmetry and variety . . . pull against each other and create order, design." "In the minds of great lyric singers it usually happens that emotion suggests the idea of the poem and the rhythm of it simultaneously, and that sense and sound grow together as it is made." "Like good rhythms, good images and symbols are the direct and truthful record of a poet's emotions and ideas and are capable of giving the reader a share in these ideas." "A good poet . . . must know words in families, as we know our neighbors, understanding their relationships well so that he may be able to treat them tactfully." Such first principles, if commonplaces to the student of poetry, are not so to the novice, and it is for the novice that Mrs. Wilkinson's words are designed.

Polemics and Plain Plays

Heliogabalus. By H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Army with Banners. By Charles Rann Kennedy. B. W. Huebsch.

Sacred and Profane Love. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company.

Snow. By Stanislaw Przybyszewski. English Version by O. F. Theis. Nicholas L. Brown.

"HELIOGABALUS" is a play and a polemic, a farce and a philosophy. The authors call it a buffoonery, but Mr. Mencken, at least, is in deadly earnest. Mr. Nathan, we suspect, will not condescend to be a voice crying even in the wilderness of Puritanism. So it is perhaps not unfair to infer that he is more the playwright and Mr. Mencken more the philosopher. The playwright has a somewhat reckless energy, a cold exuberance, and moments of humor that are, in the good and authentic sense, Rabelaisian. The quality of his dialogue is below that of his comic invention. To put the slang of the day into the mouth of a Roman emperor is amusing merely today; by tomorrow it will be barely quaint, and by the next day unintelligible. But, after all, the philosophy is the thing, and "Heliogabalus" may legitimately be taken as a creative illustration of the doctrines of two vivid, self-conscious, and arresting minds. The battle they are fighting is, as this play makes clearer than ever, the age-long battle of Hellenism against Hebraism, of the expansive against the repressive forces of life, of a dynamic as opposed to a static view of the moral world. Heine fell in that battle long ago; Matthew Arnold, with many reservations and inhibitions, fought in it bravely. The wings of the phalanxes of Hellenism are still stretched out so far that often soldiers in this great army will not recognize each other at chance meetings. But the intelligence and science of the world are definitely massed beneath its banners today. What, then, can be one's quarrel with Messrs. Mencken and Nathan? It is that with all their knowledge, energy, and perspicacity, they do not quite grasp the nature of this new Hellenism. It does not fight the conventicle in the name of the "Follies," nor the rags of the hypocrite for the sake of fleshings, nor Comstockery for the cult of the "cutie." All these things it recognizes as essentially one. Nor would it seek to illustrate its vision from the very dregs and decay of the Græco-Roman world. It does not want the furtive or the defiant easements of an impossible moral order, but a new and more civilized one. It has a keen enough sympathy for the isolated intellectual aristocrat in a vulgar world. But it fixes its hope upon an inner liberation

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that, in the ever widening companionship of mankind, will follow the progress of economic and intellectual freedom and consummate it.

If Messrs. Mencken and Nathan are often a little hard and metallic, Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy is given to the opposite defect. He smites the warlike, capitalistic Christian patriot hip and thigh. But the characters that symbolize the doctrine of peace and good will to men are vague, trivial, and lachrymose. The evangelist is a strong piece of grotesque portraiture: "Oil of salvation regular oozes out of him. The very unions believe and tremble when he comes! He makes the worker content with his wages! Offers the blighter heaven: if he refuses—gives him hell!" That is a keen and energetic summing up of the latest brand of muscular Christianity. To it, however, Mr. Kennedy opposes the ideals of the thirteenth century, and thus his dramatic apologue loses all touch with the real. Let us grant the golden age of mediæval Christianity all that its scholarly and fervent admirers claim for it. The condition of its being what it was inhered in the thirteenth century mind and that mind's outlook. Can we undo what we have become, unlearn what we know concerning both the physical and the psychical universe? Can we reassume the inner character of Messer Bernard or St. Francis or the Holy Lady Clare? And if we cannot, what will our imitation be but an æsthetic exercise? Mr. Kennedy has a clear vision of the villains of his own day. His saints he seeks in the past. But our saints—however unsaintly their apparent guise—are here or nowhere, and our salvation will come from living and credible sources or not at all.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's new play consists of two acts of adroit and rather glittering realism and two acts of romantic claptrap quite unworthy of him. The passionate adventure of Carlotta's youth is delightful and credible, and so, though in a lesser degree, is her life in London. Then comes the romantic explosion. After seven years she hears that her dream lover of that solitary night is a morphine addict. Instantly she gives up her life with all its habits and her career, fights with him the devastating and degrading battle against the drug, cures him, and makes him a great pianist once more. The first of the two assumptions is the more staggering. Carlotta is represented as a successful realistic novelist, a woman of flexible mind and moral courage. The man had, of course, practically forgotten her and was living with a chorus girl in Paris. Neither factor deters Carlotta. She must save the love of her youth. When she has saved him, he actually makes her an "honest woman." It is very crass theatricalism. To the mature Carlotta the story of Diaz' fate would have given at most a reminiscent and elegiac three-quarters of an hour. It is, evidently, not the Arnold Bennett of "Clayhanger" who plays upon the glittering instrument of the theater. And it is that Arnold Bennett who could fortify the English drama.

Things being as they are, it was more or less to be expected that sooner or later Stanislaw Przybyszewski would be brought to our attention as "one of the foremost writers in modern Polish literature." This particular Pole, born at Lojewo in Posen, was, as a matter of fact, the chief "Satanist" of German literature in the nineties and created a little stir among the more febrile of the lettered with his treatise "Zur Psychologie des Individuums," his poems "Vigilien," and a series of plays—all written in German—in which perverse eroticism and "Satanism," incense and hysteria were mixed according to a well-known French recipe that had its European day. Dehmel called him the "Jeremiah of the degenerate instincts." His one merit as a writer lies in his insistence, before the days of Freud, upon the characteristic activity of the repressed and subconscious mind. "Snow," which bears amusing internal evidence of its translation from a German original, is a characteristic phantasmagoria of the acutely hysterical. It is not without moments of sombre effectiveness. But action and passion are both, humanly speaking, in the void. The characters are haunted wraiths in an unrealized world who live and love and die equally without motivation.

Books in Brief

ALTHOUGH J. Castell Hopkins may be, as intimated by Sir Robert Borden in his foreword to the former's "Canada at War" (Doran), the Canadian author best qualified to compile the record of Canada's participation in the recent world conflict, it is still permitted to doubt whether the veteran annalist and encyclopedist of Dominion affairs is the proper person either to interpret the various happenings which go to make up that record or to give them the literary dress that they unquestionably merit. The story of Canada's largely disinterested and usually heroic share in what its people as a whole thought honestly and hoped fervently was to be the war to end war is a memorable one deserving to be memorably told. The book before us is not memorable. Mr. Hopkins has trained himself too long and too well in complacency with things-as-they've-happened to feel anything but satisfaction in the specious prosperity resulting from his country's war-time munitions production, for instance, or in the promise of some sort of a sequel to the Imperial War Conference as an ultimate solution of the recurrent conflict between the claims of colonial autonomy and the need for imperial unity, or in the part taken by the representatives of the Borden "win the war" Union government in helping to reach the conclusions adopted at the Paris peace conference. Nevertheless, for those who wish to be instructed concerning Canada's war efforts and successes by means of data in the form of facts and figures, names and dates, lists and summaries, accompanied by a comment which though unadorned by style and unilluminated by a philosophy, is upon the whole interesting and informative, Mr. Hopkins's book will prove a volume of considerable value. Especially worthy of examination is the evidence presented in the chapter it contains dealing with the much misunderstood and harshly criticized attitude of the French-Canadians to the war, evidence which makes it unmistakably clear that the Quebec habitant, in spite of all that had been said to discredit his patriotism and fighting spirit, did, as Mr. Hopkins rightly insists, "fairly well" in assisting his English-speaking countrymen in the endeavor to preserve the national integrity of Great Britain, France, and Belgium, if not to make the world safe for democracy. Even the position assumed on the war question by the French-Canadian Nationalists under the leadership of M. Henri Bourassa is rendered intelligible, one might almost say dangerously nearer defensible and reasonable than its interpreter intended, by the exposition of the Quebec point of view set forth in this chapter. In this moment of at least professed inter-Allied goodwill it is disappointing to have to predict that American readers of "Canada at War" are likely to be not a little puzzled, and possibly hurt, at its author's too ready acceptance of the notion that the contiguity of the United States is insidious in its influence upon Canadian loyalty to British institutions. They are certain to be more amused than resentful, however, at his lack of faith in their national honesty or dependability when it carries him to such lengths as his apparent suspicion that Canadian contributions to the Commission for Belgian Relief, "with H. C. Hoover (an American) as Chairman," may not have reached the destination for which they were intended.

IMPORTANT in substance, though slight in outward appearance, is Professor George V. Lomonossoff's "Memoirs of the Russian Revolution" (Rand School). It is the story of what the railroads did to secure the triumph of the first revolution, an impressive record of prompt initiative and unexpectedly harmonious coöperation. The first significant act after the Duma had refused to be prorogued was the seizure of the Ministry of Ways of Communication by Alexander Bublikov, who at once summoned Professor Lomonossoff from the Petrograd Institute to serve as his Director of Operations. Upon this official devolved the most critical duties during the next few days. While the Committee of the Duma was deliberating and vacillating

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as to the best course to pursue, it was imperative to prevent disaster from overtaking the revolution at the outset. To this end it was first necessary to control the movements of the Imperial train so as to block the Emperor's attempt to reach the army before the abdication could be obtained from him. In the second place it was important to thwart General Ivanov, the military chief of the Petrograd district, who was straining to reach the city with loyal troops—a peril of which the people in Petrograd were never aware. How both these objects were accomplished appears by the reproduction from the writer's diary of a succession of tense and rapid telephonic conversations, having the value practically of an official record. The narrative framework is of the slightest and there is almost no comment, except where the writer takes pains to emphasize the indecision and incapacity of the first ministry, evident to many from the very beginning. The exasperation of Bublikov, aggravated by the appointment of the inexperienced Nekrasov to the post to which he justly felt himself entitled, vented itself explosively over the telephone: "Scamps, swindlers, dummies. They are sacrificing Russia. It is plain demagogy. They won't last even two months . . . everything will go to the devil. They will be turned out with shame." Apropos of the oft-repeated story that Nicholas in December of 1916 was planning to grant Russia a constitution, there appears an interesting conversation of the Grand Duke Nicholas Michailovich, alleging that in that month all the Grand Dukes had joined in sending a deputation to the Emperor urging him for their own protection to imprison his wife and form a responsible ministry. But Nicholas, said the Grand Duke, "didn't even listen. He was always without a will and his wife took away what he had."

BROUGHAM VILLIERS and W. H. Cresson in writing their "Anglo-American Relations, 1861-1865" (Scribners) had in mind American rather than English readers. Their purpose is frankly to continue and extend the "good feeling now happily prevailing between the two great English-speaking peoples," and they do so by showing that the sympathies of England during the Civil War were more on the side of the North than Americans are apt to believe. The aristocratic and ruling classes and the press were strongly pro-South, and they alone were heard on this side of the ocean. The masses, even the cotton operatives who were out of work because of the Northern blockade of the Southern ports, were on the side of the North. The Trent affair particularly strengthened Southern sympathies in England, so that as far as America could tell, the whole country was for the South; but when Lincoln came out on September 22, 1862 (not 1864 as on page 95), with his Emancipation Proclamation, the tide began to turn towards the North. The average Englishman saw the issue between slavery and freedom for the Negro, and nothing else mattered. Consequently Gladstone's indiscretion in October, 1862, that the South "have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made what is more than either,—they have made a nation," would have been impossible a year later; and the mistake of the Alabama was not repeated in the case of the Laird rams, clever as were Slidell's intrigues to secure them for the South. Abundant quotations from English and American writings, diaries, letters, and speeches, show the trend of English opinion. The seventh chapter, which is written by Mr. Cresson, reflects the great struggle in the writings and speeches of Englishmen, of which this is an interesting specimen from Mr. Cresson's father's diary: "Mr. Lincoln he [Henry Ward Beecher] described as a good, honest, well-meaning, stupid man—'a crab.'" Let later presidents get what consolation they can out of it.

IS it American insularity or American submission to the canons of magazine "literature" which has kept us waiting fifty years for a translation of the French Poe? England, certainly, despite "la pudeur brittanique," has not maintained such aloofness, for the edition now offered proves to be mainly a compilation from the work of British translators. The editor of "Baudelaire: His Prose and Poetry" (Boni and Liveright) modestly limits himself to a two-page preface; a study by F. P. Sturm and Swinburne's elegiac Ave atque Vale furnish the real introduction. The volume begins with the Poems in Prose; the versions given are for the most part those of Mr. Sturm and Joseph T. Shipley—mediocre translations in comparison with the twelve poems done by Arthur Symons. The majority of the Flowers of Evil are also translated by Mr. Sturm; W. J. Robertson and Richard Herne Shepherd are represented by smaller groups of poems. Finally, the collection is completed by Mr. Shipley's translation of Baudelaire's posthumous Journals: Fusées and Mon Cœur Mis à Nu, which reveal so definitely the price which the poet was forced to pay for "cultivating his hysteria with joy and terror," even before his excesses left him in the grip of the nameless disease from which he died. In these intimate journals may be found the antidote for the Flowers of Evil, whose influence on the course of modern poetry has been so widespread that it gave to Mr. Turquet-Milnes the materials for a large octavo. Happily, however, the aroma of the original is less easily decocted than its realism or its thought.

DR. VICTOR ROBINSON'S "Pioneers of Birth Control in England and America" (Voluntary Parenthood League) gives a succinct history, from Malthus to Mrs. Sanger, of the doctrine that the propagation of children should be voluntary. The savage behavior of society toward these pioneers—Francis Place, Richard Carlile, Robert Owen, Charles Bradlaugh, Annie Besant, the Drysdales, Ezra Heywood, Margaret Sanger, to name no others—is fearful evidence that mankind loves its chains. Worse, it is fearful evidence that the privileged, themselves free from their ancient fetters of ignorance, love to see the unprivileged still bound. In every episode of the struggle it has been the dissemination of knowledge among the masses who need it, in inexpensive and accessible form, that has been opposed and punished. Worst of all is the confusion of reason and ethics which has ruled the minds of the authorities—longer in the United States than in any other country of the civilized world. For it is simply confusion of reason to argue that the limitation of offspring is contrary to nature. What movement toward the light has not been contrary to blind nature and blind chance? And it is confusion of ethics to say that the begetting and bearing of children, when not left to the casual negligence of the gods, is a conspiracy of the parents against their lawful duty. Morals grow with the growth of knowledge. While conception was still a mystery, the ethical problem involved had to take account of the mystery; but now that the mystery is gone, to act as if it still regulated the ethics of sex is to cherish superstition as if it must endure forever.

Mediocre biographers should all be required to study the method of George E. Brown, who in "A Book of R. L. S." (Scribners) has modestly made a capital dictionary out of his material instead of making, as he might have done, an undistinguished biography. Stevenson's Works, Travels, Friends, and Commentators are listed alphabetically, and the principal facts about them given in a thoroughly convenient form. Unless some one does the same thing better, the book will stand; it need fear no rivalry, so far as ready reference is concerned, from more brilliant narratives. Mr. Brown keeps up somewhat gratuitously, indeed, his warfare with the late enemies of his country; he is occasionally rather absurd, as in his opinion of Whitman; he does not mention Stuart P. Sherman's incomparable edition of "Treasure Island." But such minor shortcomings are offset by his general accuracy and good sense. His errors with regard to Stevenson's wife Mr. Brown doubtless would not have committed had he been able to read the new "Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson" (Scribners) by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez, a pleasant and informing account of a remarkable woman.

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Notes and News

The Duttons call Lida C. Schem's novel, "The Hyphen," which they are to publish this spring, an "interesting experiment . . . probably the first American two volume novel ever published, certainly the first in at least half a century." As recently as 1917 David Graham Phillips's "Susan Lenox" appeared in two volumes; so did Mrs. Wharton's "Valley of Decision" in 1902, and Mr. Howells's "Their Silver Wedding Journey" in 1899 and "A Hazard of New Fortunes" in 1889. F. Marion Crawford's "Casa Braccio" and "Katherine Lauderdale" in 1894 and "The Ralstons" in 1895 were similarly "unique experiments," as were Lew Wallace's "Prince of India" (1893) and Henry James's "Golden Bowl" (1904) and "The Wings of the Dove" (1902) and "The Tragic Muse" (1892) and "Confidence" (1880), not to mention "The Princess Casamassima" which in 1886 appeared at New York as well as London in *three* volumes. Before the Civil War, of course, the customary form for American novels of much weight was two volumes: "The Marble Faun," for instance, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," thirty of Fenimore Cooper's, thirteen of William Gilmore Simms's, and scores more if one wanted to name them.

Wherefore, as the old ladies almost asked in "Don Juan," does not the satirizing begin? Satire and satirists have been silent. But "G. P." in the *Manchester Guardian* has broken the heavy spell with a poem called "The Great Peace." Cleon, blunt demagogue, is shown emerging from his rural seclusion and joyously hailing the peace; this is Cleon's kind of peace. Four of the lines must be quoted:

> And then, of course, D'Annunzio defied
> The Big Four's wobbling judgment and applied
> From far Fiume's safe, secluded bourne
> The thumb of insult to the nose of scorn.

The Einstein theory is enlarging the spring book trade. Methuen in London is shortly to publish Einstein's own volume for average readers, "Relativity: The Special and General Theory." The Cambridge University Press announces a translation of Erwin Freundlich's "Foundations of Einstein's Theory of Gravitation" and another work on the subject by Professor Eddington. The Oxford University Press will add to the list a translation of Morris Schlick's "Space and Time in Contemporary Physics." In America, we have already Professor Lorentz's "Einstein's Theory of Relativity" (Brentano's), and Benjamin Harrow's "From Newton to Einstein" (Van Nostrand); while Harcourt, Brace and Howe announces a third treatment by E. E. Slosson, to be called "Easy Lessons in Einstein."

After remaining in manuscript for a hundred years Shelley's prose essay, "A Philosophical View of Reform," has been transcribed by Mr. T. W. Rolleston and will be published this spring by the Oxford University Press.

The spirited and racy translations of Aristophanes by Mr. B. B. Rogers are being issued in an inexpensive form by Bell in London, one play to a volume without the Greek text or the notes.

The Indian Notes and Monographs, relating to the American aborigines and published by the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, even if they were not by thoroughly competent scholars might well tempt the general reader with the extraordinarily convenient and attractive form in which they are issued. In fact, there is now being made available in the United States a whole new world, for those imaginations which seize upon the past, in various sober monographs upon the antiquities of the first Americans. Particularly noteworthy in this respect is Mr. J. Walter Fewkes's "Historic Villages, Castles and Towers of Southwestern Colorado," a Smithsonian Institution bulletin.

Music

Opera in English

WHEN the Metropolitan Opera Company announced the production of "Parsifal" in English, some took the attitude that upon the success with which the text could be distinguished depended the future of grand opera in that tongue; others, that it hung upon the effect of the translation itself. None seemed to realize that a production in which most of the singers were foreigners, and the translator himself merely a very able writer of reviews, could, for very obvious reasons, fail to meet either test, and still justify the claim of those who believed they had a right to hear opera at their native opera house in their native tongue. The question of giving grand opera in English is not new. It has been threshed out many times in words and in deeds. It has been championed by such musicians as Walter Damrosch, David Bispham, and Horatio Parker, who even formed a society for its promotion. The Civic Club of New York also became interested at one time, and the result was the Century Opera Company under the direction of Milton and Sargent Aborn. It lasted a few seasons, but failed, chiefly because of managerial mistakes. Henry Savage, in conjunction with Maurice Grau, also gave some excellent productions in English, but the enterprise drooped for lack of social backing. On the other hand, Fortuno Gallo has been touring the country, and making a fortune out of grand opera in English; while "Parsifal," at the Metropolitan, has been drawing crowded houses.

In view of these inconsistencies, can it be said that we have as yet faced the issue squarely? The objections raised by the opposition seem confined to these: that English is not a singable language; that a translation fails to express the precise meaning of the music as applied to the original verbal idiom; that a libretto often sounds "prosaic and absurd" when translated; and that society and the standees, who practically support the opera, prefer, for either artistic or personal reasons, to hear it in the original tongue.

In answer to the first, has not this fallacy, drummed into us by foreign singers and singing teachers, been sufficiently exposed by the clear and beautiful diction of certain English and American artists now before the public? It can scarcely be disputed that English is infinitely softer than the guttural German, and has no more closed sounds than the French, and certainly none so nasal. Nor, were English detrimental to good voice production, would there be so many beautiful native voices. It was almost startling, recently, for us to hear the rôle of Parsifal sung in English with such a freedom of emission, and such a clarity of diction, as it was by Orville Harrold, an American, especially after we had listened for years to his throaty German and French predecessors. It was merely another proof that in English, as in every other language, there is a singing as well as a speaking diction; and the mastery of its technique is, on the whole, purely a matter of individual effort—an effort that, unfortunately, is seldom made by our own any more than by our foreign singers.

The evil of operatic translations lies not so much in the fact that they are translations as that they are usually more or less a matter of hack work. It *is* possible to translate in perfect accord with the musical declamation of the original, without the slightest paraphrasing or inaccuracy, for it has been done. But it is difficult to find the requisites in any one translator, which consist, at least, of a gift of words, a sensitiveness to their precise meaning and poetic value, and a knowledge of verbal and musical accentuation. Such a combination is the stuff of which poets are made; and the mistake we make is that we look for it too often in men who have nothing more to recommend them than a scholarly mind and a fluent style.

As to the æsthetic advantages to be gained from giving grand opera in a tongue foreign to the country in which it is produced,

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they are more than offset by the disadvantages. This is a fact that has long been recognized by the French, the Italians, and the Germans. Why should these, our musical mentors, demand something quite different from us? To those who regard opera merely as a social function, the language in which it is sung is not likely to be a matter of vital importance. But if the standees and holders of the cheaper seats are mostly foreigners, it is mainly because we cater only to them. It is natural that they should prefer their musical shows in a language that they understand. So, too, does the average American. Only he must be content with light operettas and musical comedies. Yet he can hardly be called unmusical, considering the fact that it is he, and not the foreign operatic standees, who patronizes the symphonic, chamber music, vocal, and instrumental concerts. Nor is he conspicuously absent from the opera. Nevertheless, if we wish to popularize this form of musical entertainment we shall have to begin with our most important companies: the Metropolitan and Chicago. To accomplish this is less a matter of getting librettos translated than of persuading the artists of these organizations, who manage to sing French at the Paris Opera, Italian at La Scala, and German at the Royal Opera in Berlin and Vienna, to add one more language to their repertoire—the language of the country in which they are earning the bulk of their fortunes and their reputation. In the meantime, with England, we enjoy the questionable distinction of being the only nation actually offended at hearing its native tongue in the form of an operatic libretto.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Medley

A LAGGARD spring sees no halting in the activity of the theater. The New York season knows no lateness any more. The pipes and timbrels sound on. But there is little ecstasy, and so the music is often strained and harsh. Untimely flurries of snow seem fitter companions than sunshine to these plays that have so little of the sun's warmth in their hearts. Ecstasy, which the adolescent versifier feels and wrongly takes to be the warrant of his poem's beauty, must somehow also glow in the maturer mind. Even an honorable and intelligent ambition will not suffice. The Muse must have been there.

Some day Mr. Philip Moeller may meet her, though she is more likely to be seen loitering on a common road than amid the dust of memoirs and the powder of periwigs. But he has not done so yet. "Mme. Sand," "Molière," and now "Sophie" (The Greenwich Village Theater) all smell desperately of the lamp. They have no gaiety at heart and the wit upon their lips is frozen. That is not so because they are historical or semi-historical. Great dramatists from Shakespeare to Hebbel and from Hebbel to Shaw have gone to the past. But they have gone because they saw some burning secret there, some clash of still living forces, some revelation of the comic spirit. Mr. Moeller sees faded masques, old china, painted fans. Yet he does not even catch their aroma in the sense that Austin Dobson does. And, indeed, the stage is a very vivid place for such frail things. Mr. Moeller's real chances he misses perversely. Granted that Gluck was rude and arrogant at moments. Against the background of that lofty spirit adequately shown the brightness of Sophie Arnould would have had a more silvery and a steadier light. Comedy does not need, as Mr. Moeller seems to suppose, to make great things trivial, but to make false things absurd. But he avoids irony as though it were deadly and his wit often hovers on the edge of sentiment. In its efforts to be purely joyous it ends by depressing us and its little sensual implications miss fire for lack of passion. We are convinced of no moment of creative ecstasy. All is chill and labored. It is a great pity. Mr. Moeller is a skilled man of letters and an experienced man of the theater. He has more of a literary character of his own

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than almost any other American playwright. He follows his ideals with a fine singleness of mind. He lacks passion and spontaneity. Perhaps if he abandoned the theater for a period his dramas might gain in both.

If Mr. Moeller misses the spirit of delight which he seeks, it is equally certain that Mr. Percy MacKaye misses the spirit of poetry. His "George Washington: The Man Who Made Us" has already outlived its second brief appearance on the stage. But in book form it is added to the long list of Mr. MacKaye's dramatic works. Though it was written during what was to him a period of high passion—it was finished on July 4, 1918—its chief characteristic is an overwhelming frigidness. The delightful folk-songs and ballads quoted in it are like healthy children in a cabinet of wax figures. The language is turgid and tawdry by turns and always lifeless. Granting the lack of historic truth and the "inspirational" quality and intention of the piece, it is still hollow and languid. Even more than Mr. Moeller does Mr. MacKaye seem to ignore the necessary character of the creative process. It is very well to tell callow youths that genius is identical with painful effort. But when a mature writer begins the third shelf-full of his works, the inner necessity for the act of expression should have been very imperious. He may be obscure; he may, through an excess of matter, be fragmentary. He must not be grandiose, empty, and cold.

What applies to the drama may also apply to the art of acting. Mr. Walter Hampden, who, it appears, was solely responsible for the presentation of Mr. MacKaye's pageant, continues now at the Lyric Theatre in his well-known interpretation of Hamlet. The tempo of his performance is brisk, and thus he is able to avoid omissions. Hence his "Hamlet" is textually very faithful. It has also moments of crisp intelligence and of a severe sort of humor. But its emotional gestures, which are many and sharp, do not persuade the soul. Mr. Hampden weeps more than almost any other Hamlet and affects us less. Perhaps the prosaic character of his performance made for its popularity. The instinct for poetry among us is often blunted. We miss Sothern's unaffected simplicity and elegiac grace. In his interpretation the monologues are thought aloud. Mr. Hampden's Hamlet is not contemplative or graceful in mood or movement. He is emotional and practical. There is no reason why he should not first have drunk with the king and then have killed him. These are, necessarily, overstatements. They serve merely to communicate the dryness of an artistic effort, its lack of that fusion between inspiration and execution which is ecstasy.

In the quaint but comfortless little Punch and Judy Theater, in a play of uncertain and disguised origin called "Musk," we find what we are seeking. The unknown author saw his bit of life with sudden and impassioned insight, brooded over it in long vigils, and finally projected it in dramatic, not theatrical, terms. His story is a simple and a common one: A sensitive, faithful wife who, after the fashion of most women, has identified her complete inner life with a static emotional and domestic situation; a husband who, valuing her profoundly, cannot help beating against the closed doors. They open, but his freedom becomes ghastly, brings him to utter grief, and indirectly kills both his wife and his son. That fable could have been built into a harsh and external action. But the characterization here is of that depth and fullness that escapes moral platitudes and reaches beyond the sensual ear. The play is rich in the unheard melodies of life, as in the explanation which takes place between father and son. The boy is devoted to his mother—he is nervous, inexperienced, pitiless. He has all ethical right, all obvious spiritual values on his side. The father has thrown away his home, his peace of mind, even his honor, for a light woman. He is profoundly saddened. Better than any one he sees the sordidness and wrong of it. But, above all, he sees himself and his own past and the inner and outer forces which have shaped him and his world. He would gladly make what reparation he can. But he pretends to no conversion. Things are as they are. Such moments in the drama lend actors the sincerity and strength here shown by Blanche Yurka, Henry Mortimer, and Vadim Uraneff, and reward one for many sterile hours.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Contents

THE WHITE TERROR IN HUNGARY.
- An Officer's Protest 440
- The Kecskemet Massacre 440
- Twenty-four Hours in the Hands of the Budapest Police 442
- In the Women's Prison: Budapest 443
- Another Victim 444

EVENTS OF THE WEEK 445

The White Terror in Hungary

THE translations in this issue are from *Az Ember*, a Hungarian weekly newspaper published by political refugees in Vienna. The editor, Franz Göndör, is a noted Hungarian journalist, the former editor of *Nepszava*, Budapest, and a Social Democrat of long standing. During the Red dictatorship in Hungary he was one of the most vigorous opponents of terrorism and an advocate of democratic as contrasted to Bolshevist policy. Because of his anti-Bolshevist position he had to flee to Vienna where he continued to attack the Red régime in the press. Since the overthrow of the Communist Government he has been active in exposing the facts regarding the White Terror carried on by the leaders and supporters of the present Government of Hungary.

An Officer's Protest

THE following account of the present methods of terrorism practiced in Hungary was written by an officer of the White Army whose name was necessarily withheld. It appeared in *Az Ember* (Vienna) for November 20.

Many officers in the Horthy army do not approve at all of the unspeakable crimes committed by a group of "White Lenin Boys." On my departure from Siofok several officers asked me directly to publish my experience, as they could not witness any longer the butchery of the White terrorists. The majority of the officers' corps detest these terrorists—whose names are well known—but they are powerless, as the Commander-in-Chief, Nicholas Horthy, refuses to proceed against them.

There are two commands at Siofok: the General Command and the District Command. The officers of the latter had nothing to do with the massacres and pogroms, which were perpetrated exclusively by officers detailed to the General Command. The leader of the mass murders by bayonet, of the burials of live victims, and of the drownings was the worst bloodhound of all, Captain Freiszberger, in command of the Siofok garrison. This man—a degenerate—was the real chief at Siofok. He was the Lord God himself; he ordered and carried out arrests; he examined prisoners and sentenced them to death. There are at Siofok half a dozen Judge Advocates, but Captain Freiszberger never gave them a chance; he was so keenly interested in dealing with the Communists that in many cases he carried out the death sentences with his own hands. With a friend, First Lieutenant Leszay, he personally murdered, in one instance, forty-two prisoners. Leszay and Freiszberger shared an apartment; with them lived Freiszberger's regular executioner, a sergeant major. I spoke to an officer who was quartered in the same villa; he complained, trembling, that he was afraid to live there and was unable to sleep at nights, as Freiszberger and his friends amused themselves with torturing prisoners in their apartment. One night Freiszberger hanged eight men in his own bedroom. . . .

The Commander-in-Chief of the National Army, Admiral Horthy, pretends to be ignorant of what his subordinates are doing. Needless to say, Horthy is accurately informed of everything. It is a characteristic fact that in the beginning the soldiers were paid with money taken from victims. . . .

The pogroms are arranged for officially. Officers are being sent out, with extra pay and equipped with blanket warrants, to incite the peasants to pogroms. I have witnessed myself how such a warrant was made out: "Warrant for First Lieutenant X, who leaves for N. village to study popular sentiment there." Their most notorious pogrom organizer is a one-eyed officer, First Lieutenant Vertesi; others are the dreaded Lieutenant Bibo, and an artillery officer, First Lieutenant Andor Lukacs. Other well-known terrorists are Pronay, Madary, Count Salm, Baron Nopcsa. A whole host of other brutes are pillaging, stealing, and murdering in the countryside. One of the worst specimens is Baron Kazy, whose adventure at Vorosbereny caused much merriment at headquarters. Kazy went to Vorosbereny to search for Communists, but he did not find any. As he did not want to return without at least a few hangings he arrested the two Jewish residents and the village butcher—a Gentile—who was reported to have sold bacon to the Red soldiers. Kazy slaughtered these three.

One of the cruellest executioners is Joseph Szilassy, a Royal Chamberlain. [This is a title which was granted only to junkers who could produce at least seven noble ancestors.] In peace time he had been dismissed from the Imperial army as a mental defective. During the war he was given back his commission and now he is the strongest competitor of Count Salm and Lieutenant Bibo. In one case he bayonetted forty men. . . . One evening Szilassy, stark drunk, related that he had been given a certificate of insanity, so that he might go about hanging people with impunity. This, however, he regarded as an insult and left Siofok. I may add that a similar certificate has also been issued to Captain Pronay.

The Kecskemet Massacre

THE special correspondent at Kecskemet of *Az Ember* gives the following account in the issue of December 19, of the kidnapping and murder of prisoners in the jail of that town.

KECSKEMET, December 12. Three weeks ago I reported to you that a detachment of the National Army kidnapped thirty-three prisoners from the jail in charge of the district attorney here, and that the kidnapped persons had probably been murdered. Since then an investigation has been undertaken resulting in the disclosure that on the occasion of the National Army's entry here nearly 200 persons were murdered and robbed. So far 104 corpses have been recovered in the nearby township of Orgovany, but every day the bodies of additional victims are found in a terribly mutilated state. As this frightful mass murder came to the notice of the Entente Missions [at Budapest] the matter could no longer be hushed up, and the Budapest newspapers were thus forced to refer to the Kecskemet horrors, but they pretend—apparently under pressure from the censorship—that the imprisoned Communists and wealthy Jews of Kecskemet have been massacred by an irresponsible gang of brigands. In Kecskemet everybody knows this to be untrue; everybody knows that the "brigands" wear the feathered Bosckay cap and golden star of the National Army and are still on the payroll of the army. On the basis of authentic information and the enclosed report of the Commissioner sent down by the Government I may give the following details, so far concealed, of the Kecskemet massacre:

In the beginning of November, during the Rumanian occupation, one Lieutenant Ivan Hejjas made his appearance in Kecskemet. He had earned notoriety in the Siofok murders,

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and proceeded now to organize a posse of Kecskemet freeholders. Only farmers who had suffered persecution under the Red dictatorship were accepted, because these were yearning for an opportunity to take revenge on the Communists and, incidentally, on the Jews. As the Rumanian Command did not tolerate armed units except gendarmerie, the posse assumed the name of Hejjas Gendarmerie Detachment.

The Hejjas gang started its activities by kidnapping, one night, six citizens, among them Matthew Schwerteczky, a Councillor of Police, who was suspected of Communist sympathies. These six men were never found again, and it is now certain that they were murdered. As the day of the Rumanian withdrawal approached, these mysterious disappearances increased in number. Up to November 19 the disappearance of over thirty citizens was reported to the police. The dead bodies of several of these have been found since. Relatives of the vanished persons reported in each case that the men had been kidnapped by individuals wearing the brassard of the Hejjas detachment, but the police did not dare to proceed against Hejjas and not only were the cases hushed up, but no measures were taken to prevent further crimes. . . .

However, Lieutenant Hejjas did not content himself with individual murders, he was out for wholesale killings. While the Rumanians were still in the town he appeared at the district attorney's office and demanded that Communist prisoners should be surrendered to him. Hejjas and his aide, Lieutenant Toth, asserted they had direct orders to that effect from Commander-in-Chief Horthy himself. Naturally, the district attorney refused the demand, whereupon he was threatened by Hejjas that "as soon as the Rumanians were off he [Hejjas] would storm the jail with twenty men and then not one of the stinking Communists would escape alive." The district attorney complained to the county Governor, Dr. Tibor Zsitvay, and the latter induced Hejjas to keep quiet.

Immediately after the Rumanian evacuation, however—on the noon of November 19—one of the officers of the Hejjas detachment, Francia Kiss by name, appeared in the jail building and announced that by order of Lieutenant Ivan Hejjas, who had just been appointed Commander of the city by the Commander-in-Chief, he would immediately take charge of the prison.

After the numerous murders which by this time were a matter of common knowledge, the intent of this measure was perfectly obvious, and the district attorney in charge immediately telephoned to the Prison Section of the Department of Justice at Budapest and demanded action without delay. The long distance call was answered by Secretary Hrusztek. In spite of the protestations of the Kecskemet official that the Hejjas gang intended to kidnap the prisoners that same night Hrusztek gave an evasive answer and said that he would communicate with Admiral Horthy on the morrow. As the Kecskemet official declared this unsatisfactory and insisted on immediate intervention, Secretary Hrusztek simply hung up the receiver. That day the telephone of the Department of Justice did not answer any more calls.

In the afternoon of November 19 the soldiers of the National Army invaded the prison building and began to open the cells on the ground floor. The prisoners lodged therein were terribly beaten. The district attorney, who came to the rescue of the prisoners, was arrested by order of a sub-lieutenant, and released only later and after much difficulty. Then the County Governor intervened, and Lieutenant Hejjas withdrew his men from the prison. However, at nightfall the soldiers returned and occupied the building. The White Guards locked up the policemen and jail guards in a room, and at midnight proceeded to an "examination" of the prisoners.

In front of the building a truck awaited the Communist prisoners. Four soldiers, with bayonets, entered the room of the district attorney, bent on arresting him, but he was out.

Late in the night the attorney arrived and saw what was going on. He did not dare to enter the building, but hurried to the station and escaped to Budapest by the 3 a. m. train. In the morning he went to the Department of Justice and reported the events to Under Secretary of State Bela Kun [not to be confused with the Communist leader of the same name], and to Councillors Baron Levay and Megyeryx, as well as to Attorney-General Csoppay. These gentlemen, however, declared that intervention was superfluous. Next day the Kecskemet district attorney went to the Department of the Interior and to National Army headquarters, but it would appear that in both places the Kecskemet proceedings were approved, as they refused to interfere with the Hejjas gang in its gory work.

During the night raid the following thirty-three prisoners were taken from the jail by the bandits of the National Army [names omitted]. Three other prisoners were also selected but . . . managed to flee back to their cells. They were fetched, on the morning of the 21st, by six armed White Guards and carried away.

The thirty-six kidnapped prisoners were taken by the soldiers of the National Army to Orgovany township and executed there amidst unspeakable tortures. Their list included several well-known men, such as Dr. Desider Buday, a *privatdozent* of Budapest University and principal of the local Law Academy; also a lawyer, Dr. Louis Halmos; and a journalist, Frank Berkes, correspondent of the Budapest *Nepszava*.

In keeping with the good old prescription, the semi-official bulletins tried to give the impression that the massacres were committed by irresponsible criminals wearing unlawfully the uniform of the National Army. The truth is that the prisoners were kidnapped by members of the Hejjas detachment, and that the raid on the prison was led by the above-mentioned Francia Kiss, a lieutenant of Hejjas.

This is proven by the following communication from the County Governor, bearing the docket number 18/1919.II.:

"To the State Attorney, Kecskemet,

"At my behest the District Military Commander ordered the strictest inquiry to elucidate the following questions: Who ordered the transporting of the prisoners on the night between the 20th and 21st inst.? Who executed the order? Where were the prisoners taken? How could the whole affair happen without previous notification of the State Attorney's office? I have the honor to inform you, Mr. Attorney, that I have received so far the following report: On the occasion in question two captains of the Army, Szekely and Stephen Szabo, both belonging to the so-called Pronay Troop, appeared with a written order to the temporary Commander of the City of Kecskemet, Ivan Hejjas. This order bore the seal of the [Budapest] State Police, and it gave directions as to the proceedings which afterwards took place. Both the military command and the police are doing their best to elucidate the facts and to punish those who carried out the order without notifying the official in charge of the State Attorney's bureau.

"Kecskemet, X.22.1919

"Dr. Tibor Zsitvay
"High Commissioner, Governor."

But the gallant members of the Hejjas detachment are not nearly so reticent as the Governmental press of Budapest. Every night at the Jeney restaurant, where they foregather to imbibe wine, they brag aloud about the number of persons done away with and the tortures inflicted on them. This can be attested by witnesses.

Besides political murders the Hejjas gang engages with special preference in sheer brigandage, disguised as religious persecution. The deputy commander of the gang, Sergeant Michael Francia Kiss, has to his credit the assassination of a Jewish commercial traveller who was arrested by a patrol on the pretext that his papers were not quite in order. He was taken to the town jail, but as he had 30,000 crowns on his person he was taken away at night by two armed soldiers. Next morning he was found on the street with his head shot through. The 30,000 crowns were, naturally, missing.

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Sergeant Francia Kiss and Lieutenant Ferdinand Pataky stopped a train at Lajosmizse and examined the papers of the passengers. Four Jews—Gustavus Neubauer, general manager of a match factory, Professor Gustavus Nemes, Sigismund Fodor, a merchant, and a bank clerk named Werthheimer—were taken off. They were dragged to the forest at Nyir and murdered with hatchets. The bodies were robbed of all valuables. From the village of Izsak the brigands kidnapped a storekeeper, Zoltan Panczel, together with two other Jews. After several hundred thousand crowns were taken from them, they were executed. The unarmed Home Guards of Izsak, who hurried to the rescue, were chased back by rifle fire.

From Kecskemet and Nagykoros, besides the above-named, over 100 persons were kidnapped and murdered by members of the Hejjas gang. As they could not get hold of Emery Fritz, an attorney who made himself obnoxious as editor of the Kecskemet *Lapok*, they arrested his brother, Rudolph Fritz, also a lawyer, and murdered him. The corpse, with those of Rezso Hegedus, a teacher, Emery Deutsch, a bank clerk, and Adolph Fekete, a merchant, were found near Orgovany.

The Kecskemet horrors were discussed all over the country for several weeks, but the official investigation started only after *Az Ember* published the story. Until then not even the official report of the Kecskemet State Attorney, issued on November 27, was taken cognizance of by the Department of Justice. The report—on the basis of which the above account was written—has not been published as yet, since it is nothing short of an indictment of the Department of Justice and the authorities.

The entire situation is best summed up by the following passage of the State Attorney's report: "The affair of the kidnapping has been treated with utmost discretion, with especial regard to the international situation."

The above account is supplemented in the issue of January 17 of *Az Ember*, wherein the deposition of one Frank Kubanyi, an iron worker and eyewitness of the raid on the Kecskemet prison, is published. According to Kubanyi's narrative the number of the victims was 373. Kubanyi had been himself a soldier of the White Army, but he stated that after the Kecskemet events he was so horrified that he deserted and travelled on foot to Vienna.

Twenty-four Hours in the Hands of the Budapest Police

AZ EMBER for November 20 prints the following extracts from the diary of a prisoner in Budapest Police Headquarters at the time of the overthrow of the moderate Government of Jules Peidl.

This is August 6, nine o'clock a. m. I am sitting in my room. There is a knock. Enter two detectives. Search. We go to Police Headquarters. The premises of the Leather Central in Aulich Street have been transformed into a bureau of investigation. Corridors are thronged. They take me to a room on the second floor. I don't know what all this secrecy means. They grab me by the shoulders and lead me on, with my face turned to the wall—I must not look back. Other things are equally incomprehensible. I say not a word. I hear fragments of conversation: "Dear colleague," "What about my beer?" "How many of them did you get?" Officers' uniforms flash by. One of the officers accosts me. "What's your name? How old are you?" I answer calmly. He takes no notes. Then he leaves me alone. I hear their names: Rona, Kovacsevics, and another. Fair, tall, muscular young men, a dark one with clipped mustache, one with white breeches and leather leggings, and many officers. They again address me. I answer, unsuspecting, an indifferent question. I recall saying: "If you please, sir." Then one shouts: "*Now* you can be polite, can't you?" I get a terrific blow on my left cheek. The blow and the surprise make me giddy. . . . The circle around me, which all those present join by and by, as if from curiosity, now gets busy. I feel a blow on my right cheek—I feel my temple swell up. They kick me, tread upon me. Now they drag me up from the floor, vigorously, by the hair. I am bleeding from several wounds. Instinctively I reach into my pocket for a handkerchief. Kovacsevics exclaims: "The damn Jew has got something there!" They pounce on me, punching, kicking, search all my pockets, take everything. Choice epithets: thief, robber, murderer. An officer jumps at me with sabre drawn, they push him gently aside, he contents himself with a few kicks. From time to time new prisoners are brought in. Only half conscious, I hear them roar like beasts; screams of pain. They stand me against the wall. A few more blows; I am told not to look back. And now I know why I was not supposed to look when they brought me in. On the floor, near the wall, lies a Socialist I know, a consumptive. Blood gushes from his mouth. Next to me stand five or six others; they were all treated like myself. The wall is covered with blood—I see my own bloody fingerprints on the wall, as I press my burning forehead against the cold bricks.

Midday. Luncheon is brought in for the officers. They tell jokes. They relate how, under the dictatorship, they fooled the Communists. Kovacsevics especially brags about his successes.

They bring in new ones. Behind me dull thuds, terrible screaming. Somebody wails: "But, gentlemen, I am innocent." A blow; I am sprinkled with warm blood. Roaring, howling, a chaos of heartrending noises. From the rooms on the side even more terrible sounds—thuds of rifle butts, shots. All my nerves burn and tremble. A few more moments and I must lose my mind. I must not turn back. . . .

It is past two o'clock. They put a bench behind us—the first humane act. A boy brings water. But my joy is premature. Enter the afternoon "visitors." We are "introduced." "Look—this is Comrade So-and-So." To get a better view, they drag us back by the hair, then bump our heads against the wall. Unspeakable pain. Enter an officer—I learn later, a brother of the murdered Nikovenyi. He hits me on the ear, tears out a bunch of hair and stuffs it into my mouth. "Here, you stinking scoundrel—eat! You won't eat long, anyway." Pain and humiliation make me faint. There are six of us sitting and many more standing along the wall. They take them one by one, and after the treatment they all collapse, bleeding. They kick and beat one next to me on the floor; I get a blow or two myself. I am burning with the fear of hell. Is this never to end? A little later they all call us by name. They write a report. "You dog, you look like an intelligent man, better confess all about your robberies," the officer barks. He pants with sadistic pleasure; he accompanies each word with a blow or a kick. I don't answer. . . .

Wailing in every corner; a rifle butt breaks on the back of a young boy in private's uniform; the fragments fly around; a big, strong man hits the detective so he staggers back; then they all jump on him. From the next room, shots. I recall this. Then they read three lines of a report, take all my money except one crown, take everything else, including my keys. A policeman drives six of us downstairs. At a turning something is hurled after us. It is my bunch of keys, minus a gold pencil—a souvenir.

Six o'clock. They take us into the bullpen in the cellar. First a terrible smelling toilet, then a small room, with a window facing a large inside court. Thirty or forty men huddled together. There is Joannovics, chairman of the directorate of Pest County; members of the Workers' Council; Jacob Kertesz with his son, a dark-haired lad lying on his face, weeping; another, Szamuelly's chauffeur, with both eyes swollen beyond recognition, sitting on the cement floor. The rest are standing, utterly helpless in their ignorance. They ask each other what is to happen. Those who still face a "hearing" look enviously at those of us who are through the first series of tortures. No food except for those who buy it from the outside.

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The police sell some inedible green vegetable dish—perhaps tree leaves—at five crowns a portion. Those with money left fight for it. The crowd is growing. At nightfall eighty of us are thronged together in the small room. There are only four benches for six each. A few lie on the dirty floor.

Sleep is out of the question. The walls are covered with vermin, the air insufferable. Inside groaning, outside shouts. All the traffic passes our window. Trucks go by, mounted police, a flash of the lances of Rumanian troopers. Then—most frightful of all—sudden sobbing, a woman's cries, a man's screams, shouts for mercy. Now a dull thud—they have hurled somebody down from a window. A piercing cry; and then, as if cut dead—silence; and this is even more terrible. Then loud laughter, grinning faces of officers and policemen against our iron grating: "These here are all Jews? Well, you stinking ———, do you still want the dictatorship? God damn, is 'everything yours'?" Dawn seems never to arrive for us poor, beaten, trembling flock of men.

August 7, the morning of the second day. New men brought in. A policeman shouts names, the men are taken one by one to the detectives. We guess what they will get. . . . Breakfast—a small glass of black coffee—four crowns. Happy are those who can get it. The bloody, starved men are brought in continually. Simon Klein, a crippled soldier—he was arrested because he addressed a policeman who stopped him as "comrade"—organizes groups of ten, to insure smooth distribution of the coffee. Brave, unselfish fellow, he does not get any food himself—yet the impatient scoff at him. Among the newcomers is Laci Balog, Bela Kun's secretary, and Paul Feldmann, a physician—both beaten half dead. News from the outside obscure, contradictory. I borrow from Steve Bernhardt, France's "Revolt of the Angels," and read it. They are just bringing some cabbage—five crowns a portion—when my name is called. A policeman leads me upstairs. At the turning are three "Awakening Magyars," with sticks and whips; they follow me. I await the blow; for the time being, they spare me. An officer, Bodo, asks questions. "Can you read and write?" He puts down his notes on a witness blank; I tell him that is wrong, whereupon he takes down my deposition honestly word by word. There is no charge against me. I am searched. He promises to have my case finished within a couple of days. Immense relief—they did not beat me this time. I begin again to feel I have some rights; perhaps there will be a trial, perhaps I will be allowed a defense. . . .

Afternoon—I am crouching, hungry—I watch. Outside the grating I see Eugene Hajnal—he recognizes me. I am trying to entrust a message to him; a policeman chases him off. The room is humming. Laci Balog is the nicest of optimists; he is just nursing Paul Feldmann, who swoons over and over again. In the meantime he scorns the despairing. A fat gentleman, formerly of the department of blockade, brags aloud—he is no proletarian, by God! He is a "boorzhooi." He has been White all his life; the hearing will clear everything. (A couple of hours later they bring him down from the detectives, with stiffened blood covering his body). . . .

Evening. No supper. Wailing, shouting everywhere. Klein takes a count; there are 184 of us in the two small basement rooms. It is impossible to stand or sit. Heat and odor are intolerable. A moment's silence. Outside somebody makes a speech. Wild cheering, then the national anthem. Joannovics shouts, "Hooray!" The crowd rises. They believe the joy outside, heralding the freedom to murder, will change, at any rate, our terrible uncertainty. Some of us smile. The name of the Archduke Joseph is heard; we learn of the victory of counter-revolution, the overthrow of the Peidl Government. And we learn, without delay, the sequel. A patrol wagon pulls up; crying, screaming humanity is dragged down. A woman sobbing. It's over. Detectives, with two Rumanian soldiers, armed to the teeth. The human forest opens in the middle, and as they tramp upon the sleeping, they turn their spotlights on the faces. . . .

Suddenly I hear my name called. Again, "Rona!" The familiar crowd, and an unknown, stout fellow with a yellow mustache. They lock the door. "Off with your clothes, you dog." "This case is settled," one grins, pointing to my swollen cheek. I know what's coming, and stand motionless. One grabs me, grinning; I don't attempt defense. They tear off my clothes and throw me on a large table. One presses down my neck, and stuffs a paper rag in my mouth. The others seize my arms and legs. A terrible, sharp blow, the blood rushes to my head. I count—4—5—6—my skin all aflame. I bite my lips, I won't scream. I hear one saying: "The damn Jew, he does not even scream." A few more blows, I emit a piercing cry—I faint.

I am lying semi-conscious, voiceless. I remember, they hit me four or five times more with a steel stick; the last blow came from the stranger with the yellow mustache. They sweep me off the table. I lie on the floor, half-insane with pain and humiliation. I hear sobbing. I look back. With their faces to the wall, three little girls are sitting on a bench; blood is streaming from their hair. I learn later, they are students from the proletarian art school, their ages from twelve to fourteen. Their crime consisted in the fact that their school was located in a count's palace.

A tall detective helps me downstairs, back to the cellar. "Did you need this?" in this question is his sympathy condensed. In the cellar I faint; I have a nervous convulsion. I shout; I curse. I want to destroy everything, to spit upon everybody, upon myself, too. I feel no pain—just shame. And my feeling communicates itself to the rest—they curse, too, mad with rage. Many of the men weep. They overwhelm me with sympathy. They undress me. They are outraged at my blood-covered wounds. They make bandages out of their handkerchiefs. They lay me down on the bench, whence the others can hardly rise in the throng. They console me; they promise revenge. And I lie there, shattered, my mouth afoam with rage, my lips bleeding and the bones of my body bursting. The blood rushes to my head—I cannot rise. They whisper, "He won't live till daybreak." I lie in apathy, but awake, crushed in body and soul.

In the Women's Prison: Budapest

AN account of the conditions in the women's prison at Budapest Police Headquarters is given in the following article from *Az Ember* for January 2, by one of the victims of the Hungarian White Terror.

At the door is sitting a grim, stern-looking policeman; in the room a throng of young—mostly very young—women. They enter, scared, and look for a familiar face among the strange crowd. A girl with red, bobbed hair accosts me, her eyes almost closed by terrible purple welts. She tells her name; probably she took pity on me. I also tell her my name. A man who probably caught my name approaches; it is Oscar Faber, a former Jesuit and one of the leaders of the Hungarian free-thinkers. They locked him up with the women, for some unknown reason, him and a former sergeant of prison guards. Faber has been here for four days; it is he who is keeping up the spirit among the women prisoners, about sixty in number. He has a kind, encouraging word for everybody. I begin to get acclimated to my surroundings. I look around; the faces begin to differentiate. I stand as if petrified; I won't believe my own eyes. A pale, refined, frail martyr-face—a familiar face—it is Miss Blanka Pichler, the excellent librarian of the Municipal Library, who never participated in any political movement and was, moreover, an ardent opponent of communism. "You here?" "Yes, my colleagues denounced me as a wild Communist. Here is Miss Gaby Szigeti of the Library, too." "Where?" "Oh, in the adjoining room, where all the prisoners are lying on the floor." Why? I ask Miss Szigeti and learn the reason. During the "hearing" she was so beaten up by the police captain and the detectives that she can't move a limb now. The charge against

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her: that she was a propagandist for free love. There are two boys in this room; one is little Alexander Leich, 15, with a bright, intelligent face. His crime: he was a student at a school of painting and they found on him a sketch representing a hanged man. Therefore, he is charged with "complicity in a hanging." Another boy, 17, is lying next to him, also charged with homicide. The two kindly, handsome boys are taken to a "hearing" every day; they are flogged mercilessly. And now I learn one by one what the prisoners are locked up for. Miss Gitta K., 18, was the friend of one of Szamuelly's brothers. She had known him for a few weeks only; they only met five or six times. They saw each other last a few days before the overthrow of communism; they did not even say goodbye. She was arrested at once and flogged steadily for several hours, her eyes are completely swollen in, her body covered with blue, yellow, purple contusions. The Captain of Police and the detectives dragged her around the room by the hair. They wanted to find out where Szamuelly was. They have found out since, but Miss Gitta K. is being kept in jail just the same. I notice a little girl of about 10. She is the daughter of the janitor in the house of the Hollan brothers (who were murdered by the Red terrorists). She was arrested together with her parents; the police try to extract from her a confession. . . .

The two rooms are overcrowded beyond belief, and still new prisoners are continually brought in. Now enters a pretty, dark young woman. Her crime: her husband was a soldier in the Red Army; it does not matter that they were divorced under communism. A little, slim girl, about 15, comes in. How did *she* get here? Her trade union had sent her down from Kassa to collect some unemployment aid due her. The hotels were raided; she was living in one and was arrested as a dangerous Communist. . . . A proletarian woman is crying, wailing, screaming ceaselessly. Both she and her husband were arrested on some charge or other, and their small children have now been locked up in their rooms for days, without food or drink.

A commotion among the prisoners: on a big tray, black coffee is brought in. A cup of bitter liquid—it tastes like ink—sells for five crowns, but the victims are only too glad to buy it; this is the first food since morning. They can't get a bit of bread, for any amount of money. Those without money, or whose relatives don't know they are here, may as well starve to death. They actually would starve to death, especially that ever-wailing little woman, but for Oscar Faber, whose wife comes in every day with a big satchel laden with food. He then finds out at once who needs food most and begins the distribution there.

One of his steady boarders is a Russian girl, 18, of marvelous beauty—Miss Olga Gondurina. She says her parents are rich bourgeois people, but they don't want to have anything to do with her. She had been a student at Moscow, in utter poverty; she is a fanatical Communist. She came to Hungary to study the dictatorship here. Bela Kun offered her a job, but she refused it because she did not like the Hungarian brand of communism. She got acquainted with the military commander of Western Hungary—who was later executed. They were married. She was arrested as a Bolshevist agitator; she speaks no Hungarian.

By the time I learn the individual stories of my fellow-prisoners and the rules of the life here it is night. I am told the guard is relieved every four hours; one of the policemen is a kind, decent fellow; the rest are inhuman brutes. The latter don't permit us to wash—"we use too much water." In the evening especially we dread these beasts; even without them the nights would be unbearable. We try to accommodate ourselves in the crowded room, with its filthy atmosphere. Happy are those who have room enough to stretch out on the dirty, hard floor. For the rest of us there is no room except under the benches, atop one another. Two people settle down at once. Oscar Faber who, sitting on a chair, rests his head on his arms on the table; and the Russian girl, Gondurina, lies on the floor. Four or five of us use her shoulders, her back, her legs for pillows; I myself rest my head against her foot. She sleeps ten hours like a child. But there are many who can't find any room to lie or sit down; they stand up all night, and a few are even crowded out of the room. But new prisoners are brought in just the same, all night. Among them is Miss G. A., she with the big, burning, black eyes and yellow, emaciated, consumptive face. She was active in the socialization of parochial schools.

I try to sleep. Terrible shrieks—it's a man, or men—wailing, the noise of blows keeps me awake. This music does not cease for a moment. Now and then come the terrible, dull thuds of unfortunates who have hurled themselves from an upstairs window (their bodies fall on the pavement of the yard in front of our window) or victims thrown down by the policemen, after they have been tortured to death. Ceaseless sounding of motor horns, rolling of trucks, heavy steps of jackboots. All night they take away the corpses, or transport prisoners to other jails, or bring in new ones.

In the morning we stare at one another, pale, exhausted. It is an unspeakably desolate spectacle, this crowd of dirty, crushed humans, and yet we breathe a little more freely—it is day. The wailing decreases; we hope anew. But the day is getting even more terrible than was the night. The "hearings" are on. One of the girls stays away a long time. We tremble for her. She comes back, flushed with happiness—they did not beat her. But poor consumptive Miss G. A. stays out even longer. Somebody says, with chattering teeth: "I'm sure they beat her." "That poor, emaciated, sick girl—nonsense!" I say. After ninety minutes she comes in, staggering. We stare at her; she collapses, shrieks, raves. They flogged her with steel bars, Captain Russzko and his detectives, four or five of them; beat her in the face, on the chest, on her poor, frail, sick body. For days her face remains covered with blood-red stripes; her body with black welts as thick as my arm. She is to this day in the prison hospital, dying.

Now we are all frozen stiff with fear whenever one of us is called. For the second time the blood curdles in our veins. Miss J. R. returns from the hearing. She had been a member of a Soviet, and wears bobbed hair. That settled it, she was flogged. . . . The steel bars were busy on her for a full hour. We all feel that we can't stand this any longer. Our nerves give out. And they are coming in ceaselessly—new victims crying, shrieking—and some of the old ones are taken away, and the beastly howling of the tortured goes on forever. Inferno!

Another Victim

THE documented account, printed below, of the murder of an engineer by Hungarian officers, is taken from *Az Ember* for January 9.

At the outbreak of the war Arpad Bekefi, chief county engineer, of Gyor [Raab], joined the army as a volunteer. He fought throughout the war and earned the highest military distinctions. During the Red dictatorship he was appointed to the state bureau of buildings at Magyarovar. He never participated in politics. After the overthrow of communism he was arrested without charges, beaten up terribly, and as there was no evidence whatever against him, the Whites did not dare release him, but simply murdered him. His tragedy is so common, it differs so little from that of a thousand other victims of the White Terror, that we would not devote space to it but for the fact that we have in our possession two documents throwing light on this particular murder.

One of them is a letter written by the victim himself:

"DEAR FRIEND:

"I am trembling when I write this. I have terrible misgivings. These fellows are going to murder me, the innocent, simply because I am a Jew. First Lieutenant Iliasz and Lieutenant Razso are athirst for my blood. Last Friday they beat me half dead without any reason—simply, as they said themselves, because I am a Jew.

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"Last night I was again cross-examined. They asked me if I had served in the Red army. They had before them on the table my papers showing that I had merely obeyed orders—that I was threatened with the loss of my livelihood unless I enlisted.

"In the meantime Lieutenant Iliasz produced a bayonet, saying that he had already killed a Jewish lieutenant with it—the blood stain was still there. He compelled me to kiss the weapon. Then they accused me of having ordered officers to dig turf in the Hansag [a large moor in Moson County]. When I declared that I had nothing to do with turf digging and that the accusation was false, they put down into the record that I wanted to go out into the Hansag to be confronted with the turf foremen. They said they would take me. I had to sign this.

"My dear, good ——! Iliasz and Razso use this merely for a pretext to take me out to the moor and to murder me there in secret. . . .

"For heaven's sake, prevent this murder! Even the peasants won't stand for this any longer. Perhaps you could go with the Jews of M—— and whomever you can take along to Szontagh; but without delay, perhaps tomorrow at dawn, I shall be a dead man. Dear friend, rescue me! But you must act at once. I hear them saying there will be another 'Jew-cleaning' tonight. Oh! I wish they would not kill me tonight.

"First Lieutenant Zabrana is the chairman here.

"I beg you—whether you speak to Szontagh or to Commander B—— (they are the only ones who have power to intercede) for God's sake don't tell them I have written, for if Iliasz and Razso get wind of this they will do away with me at once.

"With trembling soul I implore you to act and save me at once.
"Thursday, Sept. 18, 1919. ARPAD."

Help came too late. Lieutenant Iliasz and his accomplices dragged Bekefi out of the prison and murdered him on the high-road. Two months later one of the assassins, Corporal Joseph Dobrai, smitten by remorse, gave up himself and his accomplices to the court martial at Raab.

In his deposition he discloses all the details of the murder:

"I, Joseph Dobrai, a native of Csikszereda, miner by trade, thirty years old, make the following deposition before the honorable court martial at Gyor: In the middle of September I was ordered one morning to get ready, for I was to take out a prisoner to an examination on the scene of his crime. It was alleged that the prisoner, Engineer Arpad Bekefi, first lieutenant in the reserve, was to be taken out to such examination. We escorted Bekefi, three of us, to wit, First Lieutenant Iliasz, Sergeant Krisztian, and myself. On the way we were commanded to beat Bekefi and we did so. Between Mosonszentpeter and Somorja we stopped the cart and Lieutenant Iliasz called me aside and said, 'We are going to get rid of this Jew.' As Bekefi refused to go into the tall corn, Lieutenant Iliasz again beat him and we put him back on the cart. We took him to Pusztasomorja, where we turned around and returned to our former halting place. There we thrust Engineer Bekefi off the cart and the Lieutenant told him: 'Run along now, here's your chance to escape.' Bekefi knelt down and wept and begged us: 'Don't kill me, I am innocent; I can face the court with a clean conscience. I am treated like this only because Lieutenant Razso and I loved the same girl.' Thereupon Lieutenant Iliasz pulled out his revolver and shouted, 'Now run, or else I'll shoot you.' Then Bekefi, facing Lieutenant Iliasz, began to back toward the tall corn, crying, 'Don't kill me.' He backed away about eighty steps, weeping and begging all the time, 'Don't kill me,' when Lieutenant Iliasz shouted the command: 'Fire, the scoundrel is escaping!' Whereupon Sergeant Krisztian fired his rifle and Lieutenant Iliasz shouted at me: 'Shoot, you fool,' and I dropped the rein and fired without aim. I don't know if my shot went home, but after these shots Bekefi fell down. Lieutenant Iliasz commanded us to open fire again. We fired.

"I don't know which of us hit, but Iliasz and Krisztian now rushed up and shot Bekefi in the head as he was squirming on the ground. This shot blew out his brain. Then Lieutenant Iliasz and myself drove into Pusztasomorja to the village clerk and he asked the clerk to send out a sentry to the corpse until the court martial arrived; then we returned to Ovar. We went to the police and Lieutenant Iliasz warned me: 'Now shut up or there will be trouble.' I shut up, but my conscience did not shut up because of the death of this unhappy man, and I decided to ask for furlough; but as I found I would not get it lest I should talk too much, I decided to run away and surrender to the court martial at Gyor and to denounce myself in person. I ran away also because I was afraid they would do away with me. This deposition I am willing to confirm under oath any time, and I call upon Bekefi's fellow-prisoners who are still under arrest either at Magyarovar or at Gyor at the division court martial, because he told them in advance that they would take him out to an 'inquiry' and execute him. In this connection please examine his fellow-prisoners . . . and others, who had been told by Bekefi that he expected to be murdered at the 'inquiry.' Before we took him out he was beaten up every day until he lay on the floor unconscious. This will be attested by his fellow-prisoners. I beg the court martial to start an inquiry so that all the guilty ones shall be punished according to their deserts. I was present when Lieutenant Razso and First Lieutenant Iliasz arranged to do away with Bekefi. I could not prevent this; they would have killed me if I had tried.

"(Signed) JOSEPH DOBRAI, Corporal."

On the basis of this deposition the Gyor court martial ordered the arrest of—Joseph Dobrai, corporal! The other participants and real authors of the murder, the two lieutenants, are still free.

Events of the Week

MARCH 21. Reports of a Balkan Confederation come from Bucharest. Platon, former Bishop of Odessa, who has recently been in Bulgaria, says that King Boris has charged him to form an alliance between Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, and Greece, the purpose of which shall be mutual protection against the Communists and a peaceful settlement of all differences regarding frontiers. There is rumor of an economic union of Rumania, Bulgaria, and Italy.

The serious economic condition in Italy has made it necessary for the Government again to apply war restrictions to consumption. No coal can be had and gas may be used for only three hours per day. All food must be cooked during that time. Food cards have been revived on an even stricter system than that used during the war and an appeal has been issued to the citizens asking them to restrict consumption as far as possible.

MARCH 23. The next meeting of the Supreme Council of the Allies will be held in San Remo, Italy, on April 21, and the League of Nations Council will meet in Rome on April 25 or 26.

Prince Feisal has been ordered to explain to the Council of the Allies his coronation as King of Syria. Lloyd George announced that the Allies would deny him recognition and Lebanon protested against his sovereignty. An Associated Press dispatch from Constantinople reports from Beirut that Emir Feisal has given the French until April 6 to leave Syria and that the Arabs have ordered the British out of Palestine.

MARCH 25. Agitation in Italy for the establishment of a Soviet system, for the control of large industrial concerns was increased by the unpopular revival of the daylight saving decree and an additional increase in workmen's trolley fares. In Naples, 3,000 workers in the Miani Silvestri steel foundries seized the plant, barricaded the entrances, and set up a Soviet Committee to control the works. Later Government troops surrounded the factory and with machine guns forced the workers to surrender. Agricultural strikes involving 300,000 men are reported in several of the provinces, and in Florence street cars have been attacked as a protest against the increased fares.

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